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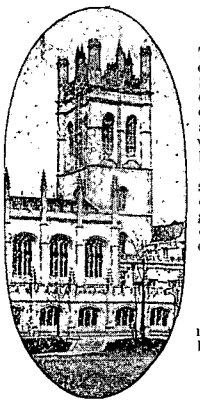
The University of Chicago

Summer 1910



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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1910.

The Week.

Few members or ex-members of the United States Senate would command more attention on a great Constitutional question than ex-Senator Spooner, and his emphatic assertion that the proposed Federal corporation law would be a radical violation of the Constitution has, therefore, unusual interest. The great scope of the Federal Government in the domain of interstate commerce is unchallenged, but to create manufacturing corporations, operating in the several States, would be, according to Senator Spooner, an extension of Federal power which finds no warrant in the Constitution, and whose consequences would be subversive of the State system under which we have lived. In the Knight case, which has played so important a part in the history of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, the Supreme Court made a sharp distinction between the regulation of manufactures to which interstate commerce was incidental and the regulation of interstate commerce itself; and now, in this broader question of Federal corporations, Senator Spooner invokes the same distinction. It was, by the way, with a view to avoiding this kind of difficulty that the idea of a Federal license, instead of Federal incorporation, was brought forward; a system under which the corporation would not be a creature of the Federal Government, but would have to comply with certain conditions in order to be permitted to participate in interstate commerce. Whatever may be the merits of this proposition, it is certainly not open to the most serious part of the attack made by Mr. Spooner upon the project of Federal incorporation.

President Taft, in his speech of last Saturday, referred, to the sudden expression of acute misgiving, principally in Wall Street circles, over the so-called "corporation policies" of the Administration and the courts. Yet there never was a stock market more susceptible of ready explanation than that of the past five weeks. Last year, the financial community was only emerging from the after-effects of a very disastrous financial and commercial panic. The country's trade had recovered, but it had not reached the level of its former prosperity. As a result of these trade conditions, idle money was piled up in the banks, and it was this idle money which the Stock Exchange speculators borrowed to promote their own undertakings on the market. Prices of stocks, which had already made very large advances during 1908, were bid up 20 or 30 per cent. more in 1909, many of them reaching higher figures than were attained even in the great speculations before the panic. Based, as these stock speculations were, on cheap and abundant money at New York, their successful continuance required either continued easy money, or purchase of the stocks from the speculators by the investing public, or the raising of capital abroad to support the high New York prices. None of these expectations was fulfilled. The demands for stock speculation brought the New York money market into a period of stringency and depleted bank reserves; the home investing public refused to buy at the high prices; while as for Europe, the French authorities blockaded a scheme to "list" the Steel shares on the Paris Bourse, and the Bank of England, in October, took strong measures to prevent recourse to Lombard Street by speculative New York borrowers. It was surely not strange that the topheavy structure of speculation should have fallen to earth.

So far, the affair is in no respect different from a hundred other similar Stock Exchange occurrences. The present case is singular only from the obstinate insistence, even in respectable Wall Street circles, on the theory that the Government's "corporation policies" were the cause for the break in stocks, and, inferentially, that stocks would not have broken but for those policies. Now, we shall not pause to indicate how completely such a theory ignores the facts which we have recited, or to suggest the rather obvious inconsistency of supposing that the market will rise violently (as it did last September) on the President's public announcement of those policies, and then break violently because of his repetition of the same announcement, four months later. We base our disbelief in any such fundamental influence by the "Washington policies" on the nature of those policies themselves. Some of the comments on the matter, in and out of Wall Street, are so extraordinary as to lead us charitably to suppose that their authors must be ignorant of the facts.

President Taft's speech on Saturday night was amazingly frank in its references to the party situation and outlook. He said, almost in so many words, that his Administration was unpopular; that many Republican newspapers were outspoken in criticism; that the party at Washington and throughout the country was torn by factions; and that the general expectation was that the Democrats would carry the Congressional elections, this year, and would win in Ohio and New York. For a parallel to such astonishing bluntness in a public address by a party leader to his followers, we think the records of Presidential oratory would be searched in vain. The ordinary way is to allude to such doubts and fears as inventions of the enemy, and to affirm with a confidence not really felt that the glorious old party will rally and smite its opponents hip and thigh. But what other men reserve for private conversation or for their self-communings in a diary, Mr. Taft blurts out in a speech. He referred to the trials which Lincoln had to go through. It is true that in the dark days of 1864 Lincoln wrote in his diary that it seemed to be certain that he would be defeated. Yet it would be impossible to imagine him saying so publicly. Mr. Taft, however, apparently would have done it! His honesty and downrightness are so great that he keeps nothing back. Does this argue a kind of simplicity or even innocence in him, or is it consistent with a settled view of wise policy? We shall have to wait for time to give us the answer.

Not content with showing that the Payne-Aldrich law cut down the average rate on dutiable imports by 12 per cent. and enlarged the proportion of goods coming in free by about the same percentage, President Taft went on to

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say that "for the production of revenue the Payne law is even more an improvement on the Dingley bill." This he proceeded to demonstrate by pointing out that during the six months that the present tariff had been in force (from August 5 to February 5) customs receipts amounted to $166,000,000, while "the semi-annual average" under the Dingley tariff was $130,000,000. But this thought must inevitably suggest itself: if the rate on dutiable imports has been materially cut down and the percentage of imports coming in free has also been considerably enlarged, the only possible way in which the revenue can have been increased is by a very great increase in the total of importations. And yet we all know that (leaving out of account the panic year) no such great increase has taken place. What, then, is the explanation of the President's figures? Several factors conspire to account for them. The Dingley act was passed a long time ago, and our foreign trade has been growing enormously in the interval; to compare the six months just past with the semi-annual average for the preceding dozen years is not very instructive. Secondly, we are now in a time of high prices, and especially of high American prices, a double reason for increasing customs receipts. And thirdly, the first six months of the tariff are a very unreliable indication of its normal working, since imports may have been held back for its enactment.

Spitzer, the convicted dock superintendent of the Sugar Trust, persists in asserting his innocence to the last. As he started on his journey to the Atlanta penitentiary, he declared that he was not responsible, directly or indirectly, for any weighing frauds that may have been committed. From the artistic standpoint, we should be inclined to say that he overdoes the thing a little when he not only insists on his own innocence and ignorance, but is careful to refer to the now famous apparatus of the frauds as "the steel springs and holes alleged to have been found in the scales." Such careful guarding of a case goes beyond the limits of reasonable caution, and thus tends to defeat its own object. In justice to the Sugar Trust, however, it must be admitted that the failure of Spitzer and the four convicted weighers to incriminate anybody "higher up" is disappointing. There is no room for reasonable doubt of the Trust's guilt, but the consistent silence of its subordinate agents is a mystery. On the other hand, the case of Heike, the secretary of the Trust, who has been indicted in connection with the same frauds and whose plea of immunity is now denied, presented a very sinister aspect. Whatever might be the effect of that plea in the eye of the criminal law, it could have but one meaning in the forum of public opinion. It must necessarily be regarded, under all the circumstances, as equivalent on its face to a confession of guilt. There are situations in which such a plea could be made without any such implication, but this was not one of them. In the first place, the offence charged was fraud of the simplest and most unmistakable kind; there was nothing doubtful, subtle, or intricate about the nature of it—nothing that might make it bear one aspect in the mind of the person committing it and another in the view of the law. Secondly, the immunity plea was extremely far-fetched; the testimony given by Heike before the Federal grand jury had reference to violation of the anti-Trust law, and had nothing to do with the weighing frauds. In deciding against the Sugar Trust secretary's plea for immunity and ordering him to trial with other employees of the company on the charges formulated by the grand jury, Judge Martin of the United States Circuit Court has done a notable service to the cause of justice and of popular regard for the law. The "immunity bath" has become almost as notorious a feature of our criminal law procedure as the insanity plea.

The United States Treasury has long boasted that it was "thief-proof," but recently its authorities had to confess that a small sum of currency had been stolen from them. Some bold and ingenious rogue had broken through their system of checking off and certifying and registering and guarding. This, however, was somewhat of the nature of a feat, which must be of rare occurrence. Compared with it, the long-continued embezzlements of the treasurer of the Big Four Railroad seem startling and inexplicable. That such an official could have a "shortage" of several hundred thousand dollars, and the company none the wiser, appears to be a terrible indictment of its business methods. And the guilty man's explanation of how he was able to steal the money undetected does not help matters. He simply abstracted certain sums from the receipts of station agents, and although the latter sent in duplicate returns to the auditor, the latter did not take the trouble to compare them with the treasurer's books.

The progress of the nation-wide campaign against race-track gambling is summarized in the report of a hearing held last December before a sub-committee of the United States Senate's Judiciary Committee on Senator Burkett's bill, "to prevent the nullification of State anti-gambling laws by international or interstate transmission of race-gambling bets or of racing odds." The great bulk of expert testimony was presented by Mr. Henry Brolaski, who has listened to the lure of the real estate business after twenty-one years as "a gambler, poolroom proprietor, bookmaker upon race-tracks, and hand-book maker." In New York our specialist estimates that there are now fifty poolrooms and 500 handbooks in operation, with a clientèle of 100,000 players. The percentage against a player in these handbooks is from 5 to 15 per cent., and "common sense will tell you that from 5 per cent. up will eat up any man's capital if taken out six times a day." The number of race-tracks destroyed by recent legislation is given as fifty-eight, although by "destroyed" is evidently meant crippled for betting purposes. There are still in operation twelve tracks, of which two, in Florida, are to be suppressed at the end of the present year. The tracks in active being are situated in Kentucky (3), Oklahoma (2), Nevada (2), Maryland, Virginia, and Montana.

The decision by the Princeton trustees last week seems to have met the question immediately at issue in a way both happy and just. Few details are as yet published, but the main points are clear. Two gifts for the endowment of a graduate college had been offered, one apparently conditioned upon a site on or near the campus, the other contemplating a location at a distance from it. There were also questions about the control of the new institution by the academic governing body of the university. Because it was found impossible

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to unite the two foundations, or otherwise to reconcile the differences about administration, the larger gift was withdrawn. While regretting this, and hoping that an adjustment may yet be found, the trustees distinctly uphold President Wilson. He was right, they decide, in insisting upon a proper university control of the proposed graduate college, and upon its being absorbed into the common academic life at Princeton.

President Wilson has left his attitude in no doubt. He is for the freest and fullest play of the democratic spirit in colleges, and as a means of securing it at Princeton urged a system of dormitories in which all the students should live. This involved the abolition of the expensive and exclusive clubs which have been so marked a feature of life at Princeton. But though the faculty approved a proposal which many considered revolutionary, the trustees have thus far declined to give their assent to it. This is clearly the question about which the "dissensions" have sprung up, involving, as is known, a great deal of bitter feeling with rumors that President Wilson would be forced to resign. Now, if this were an affair that concerned Princeton alone, it would be important, but not nearly so important as it appears when we reflect that the same question is troubling college authorities all over the country. How to resist the invasion, not of luxury, but of the spirit of caste that so insidiously attaches itself to luxury, and how to preserve that democratic mingling of young men which many still think of as the best thing that college life nas to give them—these are problems vexing professors and presidents from East to West.

Commander Peary's prompt turning over of the $10,000 presented to him to the fund for South Polar exploration will disarm those who have accused him of mercenary motives. Nor can there be any question of trespassing upon a British preserve. As the National Geographic Society explains, the expedition of Capt. R. F. Scott of the English navy will be making observations on "the other side of the Antarctic area," while the American party would proceed by way of Coats Land. Assurances from British explorers, including Shackleton, make it plain that there would be only a spirit of friendly rivalry. Peary, as Gov. Hughes said last night, has come late into the full measure of the acclaim due him, but there is no lack of heartiness in it now. Congress should not delay in taking, as President Taft suggests, some "substantial notice"—such as a vote of thanks and a medal—of an achievement which has heightened our national fame.

There is little reason to doubt that the budget will be the first measure brought in by Mr. Asquith, and that, with certain modifications to please the Irish, it will pass the Commons and be approved by the Lords. The budget must be made law before the end of March if the country is to be spared a condition approximating financial chaos. Mr. Redmond's speech before the executive committee of the Nationalist Party may lend itself at first reading to the interpretation that the Irish will insist on Home Rule before everything else. "For the Government to pass the budget and postpone the veto question was a policy that Ireland could not and would not approve." But that, as the context shows, can be taken to mean only that the veto question and Home Rule must be taken up in the very near future, and possibly after the budget, but certainly not before. If the financial bill were to pass with the aid of Irish votes, and Mr. Asquith should then ignore his pledge to the Irish, the latter could, of course, inflict instant punishment by turning the Government out. The Parliamentary prospect, therefore, is for a speedy disposal of the financial question, to be followed by a long and uncertain struggle over the mending or the ending of the Lords.

The Government of India lives up to the traditional British practice of blending clemency with firmness. It announces an amnesty for native prisoners deported last year on the charge of sedition, and at the same time puts into effect a severe press censorship law. Newspaper publishers and printers are required to deposit sufficient funds to guarantee the payments of any fine that may be imposed for the publication of seditious matter. Any amount declared forfeit on the stated charge must be made good against a recurrence of the offence. The penalty for a third violation is complete suppression. If, as the Viceroy declared, it is true that the anti-British movement has now degenerated into mere anarchism, and the Government has nothing to fear from the more responsible Indian leaders with whom it has dealt in the past, it is hard to see why there should be any need of a muzzle for the Indian press. The rabid anarchist will run his course, press or no press, or, if anything, will only profit by the suppression of freedom of speech. It is probably true that terrorism has struck no deep roots in India. But the way to eradicate it is obviously not by a policy which may drive calm spirits into the arms of the extremists.

The Prussian Government is guilty of almost incredible short-sightedness in its new franchise bill which fails to remove the chief objection to the present suffrage system that Bismarck denounced as the worst conceivable. The Prussian masses are thirsting for more democracy, primarily for equality at the ballot-box. They have made their wishes known in orderly mass meetings and by disorderly rioting. The educated classes have spoken through their press and in numerous ways. Yet the franchise bill proposed by the new Chancellor retains the three-class system, by which electors are divided according to the taxes they pay, and even increases the first and second classes. Direct voting instead of indirect seems about the only real concession in the bill. To make matters worse, the Chancellor decried government by Parliament and said that "one of the results of the democratization of parliaments in all countries was to render the political sense of a people coarse, superficial, and a hindrance to progress." The Government, he declared, would oppose the democratization of Prussia and the German Empire. All of this means two things: that Von Bethmann-Hollweg is not the man for the place he holds, and that, in opposing the desire of the people, he is ready to play with fire. It may be reassuring to the complacency of the Government that Socialist demonstrations in Berlin should be kept so firmly in hand by the military and police. But it is not so reassuring to think that those demonstrations should continue, and with increased enthusiasm, in spite of the military and police.

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THE COUNTRY AND THE TRUSTS.

The President's declaration, in his speech last Saturday, that if "the present methods of carrying on business" are in violation of the law, "they must be changed to conform to the law" has evoked from the organs of the Trusts the arrogant and supercilious criticism which any such assertion always has to expect in those quarters. It is treated as the talk of an ignoramus or a demagogue; of a man unable to measure the significance of his own utterances. On the same principle, we are told, the President might have stood by a law that brought business to an absolute standstill; if you are going to stand by a law just because it was once enacted, and never look to consequences, you may as well, say these critics, let the country go to the dogs altogether.

Well, Mr. Taft is not quite so reckless as all that; moreover, brief as was his reference to the enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, it was long enough to show explicitly that he is not so simple as all that. He is standing by the law not merely because it *is* the law, but because he emphatically approves of the law, or at least of its general purpose. He does not say merely that business must conform to the law because the law is on the statute books; he says it must conform to the law because the country demands that either that law, or some law more effective for the same purpose, shall remain on the statute books. This is what the President said:

> If the enforcement of the law is not consistent with the present methods of carrying on business, then it does not speak well for the present methods of conducting business, and they must be changed to conform to the law. There was no promise on the part of the Republican party to change the anti-Trust law except to strengthen it, or to authorize monopoly and a suppression of competition and the control of prices.

That is the nub of the matter. What the President says of the Republican party is, of course, still more true of the Opposition; it is true of the nation as a whole, and it is true of the most sober thinkers of the nation, that they have no desire or intention "to authorize monopoly and a suppression of competition and the control of prices." The important thing about the President's statement is not so much his declaration that the law will be enforced, as his assertion that the law ought to be what it is, or stronger; and those Trust magnates will show themselves wisest who admit that in this assertion he represents the people of the United States, and who govern their conduct accordingly. Instead of threatening blue ruin in case the country does not bow to their wishes, they will do well so to arrange their affairs as to avoid the disastrous consequences, to themselves as well as to the rest of us, of a policy of obstinate resistance.

The jaunty assumption of superior wisdom so often exhibited by the champions of the Trust is closely connected with their addiction to a body of doctrine that has many of the earmarks of superstition. We use the word, to be sure, in a rather loose and broad way; what we mean is a belief, real or pretended, that disposes of a large and complex subject by a simple dogma, and then sees all facts in the light of that dogma. No sooner had the tendency to gigantic combinations become a marked feature of the economic situation than there sprang up a great number of writers and speakers who read not only into the future but into the past of the industrial and commercial development of the world the character necessary to sustain their dogma of manifest destiny. All attempts to preserve competition as a really important element in great economic activities were absurd; any one who could not see the handwriting on the wall wrote himself down a back number. Competition had been a good enough thing in its day, but its day was evidently over; now let us welcome the new order, since it was vain to strive against its coming. But, confident as these prophets were, and ready as was their acclaim by that considerable class of persons who fear, of all things, to be counted among the "back numbers," something more was needed to bolster up the Trust position. To make their predicted future acceptable, it was necessary to show their beneficence or their indispensableness in the present and the past.

But the present and the past are somewhat more refractory material than the future; and it is perhaps to this circumstance more than to any other that the failure of the Trust propaganda to make greater headway is to be ascribed. It requires something of an effort of memory to recall the time—though it is not many years ago—when the plea that was most conspicuously made in behalf of the Trusts was that of the enormous cheapening of production which they brought about. That something might justly be claimed in this direction no one could dispute, but there were, all along, two criticisms of the Trust contention: first, that the degree of economy of production was grossly exaggerated, and second, that there was no guarantee of the economy inuring to the benefit of consumers. In the early days, to hear the Trust advocates, one would have thought there had been no such thing as cheapening of manufactured goods, from the days of Arkwright and Watt, until the advent of Rockefeller and Morgan; but the claim was so riddled to pieces in the course of a few years that it has almost dropped out of sight. In its place, however, has come the pretension that "the present methods of doing business"—that is, the monopolistic methods of law-breaking Trusts—are the only methods on which business can be carried on in our time. The pretension is absurd, and rests, like the other, on an ignoring of the facts of business history. It is as baseless as the preposterous claim that the prodigious cheapening of production that had taken place in a hundred years of unprecedented industrial progress without monopoly was a matter of no consequence alongside the wonderful gains achieved by the financial consolidations of our Trust magnates.

THE VALUE OF DEBATE.

The tendency to underestimate Congressional debate has been growing in recent years. Various and obvious causes have contributed to it. There has been, for example, the weariness with long "set speeches," either purely for buncombe or for time-killing. Then people have come to have an increasing impatience with deliberation in matters of legislation about which they have made up their minds. The famous maxim of the corporation manager: "Vote first and do your discussing afterwards," has insensibly crept into our view of the way to dispatch public business. Furthermore, the chief dependence seems to be placed upon those who draft bills, instead of those who debate them. When able lawyers and skilled public men and Administration officials put their heads together and frame a measure to accomplish a given end, the im-

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pulse is to take their *cachet* as final, and to dismiss all inquiry or criticism as captious. After Rome has spoken, who are you to raise your voice?

Now, it is not necessary to appeal to our past or to general theories of government by public discussion in order to show the folly of this undervaluing of keen and full debate in Congress. We have under our eyes, in the Senate argument about the postal savings bill, which is going on from day to day, an excellent and conclusive example of the great importance of subjecting legislative proposals to the closest scrutiny. These Senate debates have not been, unfortunately, reported in the press with anything like adequacy, but no one who will follow them in the *Congressional Record* can fail to be impressed by their utility and fruitfulness. The postal savings bill was reported with a fine air of completeness. The people wanted it; it was "sure to pass"; obstructionists were to be swept out of the way. Senator Carter, who was in charge of the matter, pressed for an instant vote. But full debate was insisted upon, and it has been of the greatest use. Besides the attacks on the constitutionality of the bill, made by Senators Rayner, Bailey, Bacon, and others, the text of the measure itself has been mercilessly analyzed and such defects brought out that Senator Carter himself was forced to admit the necessity of many amendments and much recasting. It appeared that such vital points as the method of withdrawals by depositors, the liability of funds held in one State being drawn upon to meet demands in another, the whole question of the reserve which banks must hold against deposits of postal savings, had been entirely forgotten or slurred over by those who drafted the bill. Holes were knocked in it by one Senator after another, and the final form of the measure will be very different from what it would have been but for this most enlightening debate. It was a striking instance of the way in which the truth is brought out and the public interest served by free argument and the impact of mind on mind.

Not only is the worth of Congressional debate held too cheap by the general public, but the capacity of Representatives and Senators is grievously underestimated. Of course, there are windbags and dunderheads among them. It is often exasperatingly difficult to get to the real points at issue. But when large matters are up and free play is given to intellect, there is as much of it available in Congress as in any place we know. It naturally takes a measure which is not made one of party to bring out the full force of the reasoning powers which Congressmen can apply to it. This is the case with the postal savings bill. Registering the decree of no caucus, it has to take its chances with the acute criticism which unfettered minds may pour upon it. Any one who studies its full report in the *Record* will get a new idea of the intellectual resources of the Senate, and of the enormous advantage to the public of having such men as Congress possesses to sift and try important bills.

It is inconceivable that the Administration should expect that its darling measures can be exempted from this wholesome searching in the course of their passage through Congress. The Federal Incorporation bill, for example, appears to have been drawn with great care and skill. Beyond question, able lawyers, skilled in corporation affairs, have got their minds together in its construction. But there is nothing like the cross-fire of debate for revealing unsuspected weaknesses or oversights. The most capable draftsmen cannot think of everything. We are not contending for any abuse of the privilege of debate. There must some time come an end of argument, and the vote be taken. But within reasonable limits, the freedom of debate should be cherished and exalted, because only by such public examination of public measures, such attack and defence, such sharpening of iron upon iron, can the people in a democracy be made certain either that the end sought in a given law is one that should be sought, or that the proper means to attain it have been selected.

A NEW ACADEMIC CAREER.

The selection on Monday of Mr. Frederick P. Keppel as dean of Columbia College has called forth many congratulations for the university. The new dean's ability and fine personal qualities are widely recognized. At thirty-five, he succeeds a man double his age, who has long carried the authority of years popularly associated with the high office of dean. Mr. Keppel's connection with the university dates from 1902, since which time he has been secretary. By virtue of that office, he was in charge of publicity work and other administrative details, with a success to which his promotion now testifies. Unlike Dean Van Amringe, for years professor of mathematics, Mr. Keppel has never been a member of the teaching staff, but has confined himself exclusively to executive work.

It is this fact in connection with Dean Keppel which will, we fancy, attract the widest attention in academic circles. True, Columbia has another dean—Goetze of the School of Science—who is not a teacher; he was promoted from the superintendency of grounds and buildings. But Mr. Keppel's position bulks larger in the college world, and his appointment seems a deliberate affirmation of this new policy of choosing deans solely for their executive experience and talents. Since time immemorial the college dean has been thought of not only as a disciplinarian but as a teacher and as shepherd of the faculty. However his duties may have varied from time to time, or in this or that place, the ideal of the dean as a man of deep learning and a teacher of the youth over whose conduct he watches parentally, has usually prevailed. At Harvard to-day Dean Hurlburt is professor of English, though his actual teaching is limited. His predecessor, Dean Briggs, was also in the English Department. At Princeton, Dean Fine teaches mathematics, and at New Haven Dean Wright gives courses in Latin; and such professorial activity of deans is the rule in practically all the colleges. Plainly, therefore, Mr. Keppel's selection is a marked break with tradition.

Indubitably, the vast increase in the size of a college like Harvard or Columbia carries with it such an enlargement of the duties and responsibilities of a dean as to have long ago foreshadowed their total absorption of the time of any one man. Even with the creation of special deans for the various graduate and undergraduate schools, the work has grown apace. But more important than this is a marked tendency the country over to create solely executive positions in colleges and universities. It is a new academic career which is drawing into the college life men who may or may not have ability to

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teach, but are primarily interested in executive work—men like Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., of Yale, and of Jerome D. Greene, secretary to the president of Harvard. Mr. Greene's record in this position gained him a vote for the presidency of the university when Mr. Lowell was the successful candidate before the Board of Overseers. If men of Mr. Stokes's type, men of means and social position, were to devote themselves to this new career instead of leading empty lives or spending themselves in the pursuit of riches, the country would be far better off. Be this as it may, at Harvard there are now two or three men besides Mr. Greene who are devoting themselves exclusively to executive work of a weighty character. Treasurers, bursars, and secretaries who were business men there have long been; but the man who performs executive duties alone, yet ranks with the instructors and sits with the faculty, is distinctly a modern development.

From the point of view of the teacher there can be no complaint about this new academic reinforcement. Many professors are overburdened with executive work; they must run their department organizations, sit in faculty committees of every sort, and perform administrative duties that never end. Some, of course, enjoy this as an offset to the routine of teaching. For others with a distaste for business and fully absorbed in the dreams of the scholar or the research of the scientist, the coming of the practical man of affairs is certain to be a cause of satisfaction. To hitch a genius to a plough is ever an act of folly—how great the collegiate world recognized when Columbia University lost George E. Woodberry and could not use the talents of MacDowell. Men of this type are too precious to be wasted in the routine of administration; a college could well afford to hire others to do the kind of work from which the teacher who lives in his books and in his classes shrinks.

At the same time, it would be a misfortune if too many of a college's teaching staff should be freed from all touch with the business side of college life. The scientist who devotes himself exclusively to research and abandons all teaching, handicaps his own development. But if teaching reveals to a man the extent and solidity of his own knowledge as nothing else can, a certain amount of executive work, the give-and-take of the faculty debate and committee discussion, the facing of practical problems, the coming into contact with the undergraduate from another point of view than that of the classroom—all these have their great benefit for the average professor. Where to draw the line is the question. At Harvard President Lowell's programme looks to relieving men of promise both as regards their teaching and administrative cares, in order that they may have time not only for research, but for creative writing. Dr. Lowell is probably not unaware of the criticism that few telling books are now coming from the Harvard faculty, when one considers its acknowledged ability; and what is true at Harvard is true elsewhere. If the new academic executive can help to lift the burdens from the men who have a message to convey or genuine knowledge to set forth, he will speedily appear in all our college communities.

THE FAME OF "CHANTECLER"

That part of the world which points an accusing finger at M. Edmond Rostand and calls him a consummate self-advertiser, can scarcely be blamed. The history of "Chantecler" carries about it all the earmarks of the press-agent's art as it was elaborated more than a hundred years ago by Mr. Puff in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "Critic." Rostand's latest play has profited by the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and all the other forms of stimulating a sluggish public interest that the long experience of mankind has developed. Years before the play was staged the elder Coquelin went about reciting entire half-pages from the text. From the Gascon village where Rostand was at work came stories of heroic effort and heroic despair that prepared the world for the birth of a masterpiece. Rumor spoke of incidents reminiscent of Virgil's throwing his "Æneid" into the fire. The later developments are a matter of contemporary and universal fame—Coquelin's death, the search for a substitute, the painful and palpitating series of rehearsals and postponements. There was not even wanting a great national calamity to serve as a sombre background for the great national play. Parisians must have turned towards "Chantecler" with all the more gusto because it offered relief from the horrors they had just escaped.

Yet it would be quite wrong to speak of the new play or its author as if they would only profit by the enormous notoriety they have come in for. The money returns will undoubtedly be great. Given the *réclame* that "Chantecler" has enjoyed, and it is useless, from the manager's point of view, to attempt to discuss the play on its merits. London and New York and Milwaukee would accept it even if it were entirely lacking in dramatic action, in human interest, and in poetic appeal. London and New York and Milwaukee would accept it even if it were the greatest dramatic poem in all literature. But the perils of swollen publicity are as heavy as its financial rewards. Unavoidably, it creates among the better class of readers and theatre-goers a prejudice against the much-acclaimed masterpiece which it will find hard to live down. Publicity is a beast that turns upon its own children and rends them. The newspapers reduce all subjects to an apparently common plane of turbid pufferery. If the newspapers the world over go mad over "The Merry Widow" and go mad over "Chantecler," the natural result is to reduce Edmond Rostand's play to the level of Franz Lehar's. The grosser attributes of fame will be the portion of both men, just as they were the portion of the author of "Trilby." There will be "Chantecler" hats and storm shoes and neckbands. There may even be a "Chantecler" cocktail for gentlemen who are not accustomed to go home until morning.

It may be argued, however, that such temporary and tinselled fame cannot harm a real work of art. When the shouting of the multitudes dies, the quieter spirits will come out of their hiding place and render their verdict. If "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a great work of art, it was none the less a work of art because it swept around the world like wildfire. We may go further. We may assert that no amount of advertising can create the tremendous enthusiasm with which Cyrano was received, and that such enormous vogue is in itself proof of exceptional merit in a play or a book. All this may be conceded, and yet the difference pointed out that "Cyrano de Bergerac" made its own

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way, while "Chantecler" will make its way, so far as the multitude is concerned, because it is by a famous author who spent seven years in writing the play. By all accounts, "Chantecler" has nothing of the melodramatic swing, the romance, the sentiment, or the boisterous humor that brought the world to Cyrano's feet. When the new play was written, Rostand, who is credited with a shrewd insight into practical things, must have known that it might daze the crowds but could scarcely win them. He wrote for his own Parisian audience and for the select few the world over. It was the higher taste of his age that he aimed at. If, on the way, there was an honest penny to be picked up, where was the harm?

But it would be unjust to take it for granted that M. Rostand reasoned after such a mercantile fashion. How much of the *réclame* that surrounds "Chantecler" is due to the poet's efforts and how much to the efforts of his business agents? We can assign the latter their full share without holding the author blameless. It is absurd, on the one hand, to imagine that the years' delay in the production of "Chantecler" was a mere device to tickle the public palate; if Rostand's motives were mercenary, he would have made the greatest haste to reap the profits that were his in any case. On the other hand, there is no denying that the writing of the new play was carried on to the accompaniment of an extraordinary number of cymbals and lutes, of sackbuts and psalteries. Did Rostand bare his heart to the world for commercial reasons? We need not go so far. We find an adequate reason in the traditional conceit and vanity of the man of genius. Whose head should have been turned by success if not Rostand's? To leap from comparative obscurity into fame, wealth, a seat in the Academy, and the acknowledged successorship to Victor Hugo was enough to make any man accept himself as a favorite of the gods. If henceforth he assumed that the world must be interested in his daily progress, the ailment was a very human one. But whereas formerly the excesses of genius were a natural and commonplace thing, to-day they are seized upon by the genius of publicity and turned to gain.

SHELLEY.—II.

V.

I am aware that my criticism of Shelley may seem harsh and prosaic, yet I am really saying nothing which cannot be confirmed by the words of Mr. Clutton-Brock, and even by the opinions, less openly avowed perhaps, of the more whole-hearted Shelleyans. It is scarcely doing violence to draw such support even from a critical work like Arthur Symons's "Romantic Movement," which is written with the avowed purpose of exalting the work of Blake and Coleridge and Shelley as the final criterion of poetry. Mr. Symons does indeed look upon Shelley as an enchanter who "never mistakes the images which he calls up for realities," but, with that extraordinary contradiction which dogs all such critics, he adds immediately that "Prometheus" is "a cloudy procession of phantoms, seen in a divine *hallucination*." Even more significant is that strangely-fated essay on Shelley by the late Francis Thompson. Dithyrambic praise has never poured itself out in more intoxicated language than in some of these paragraphs:

> It ["Prometheus Unbound"] is unquestionably the greatest and most prodigal exhibition of Shelley's powers, this amazing lyric world, where immortal clarities sigh past in the perfumes of the blossoms, populate the breathings of the breeze, throng and twinkle in the leaves that twirl upon the bough; where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air. The final scenes especially are such a Bacchic reel and rout and revelry of beauty as leaves one staggered and giddy; poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite from the unrolling splendors.

Yet these closing scenes are "nevertheless the artistic error of the poem"; yet Shelley wrote "with some misdirected view to truth"; yet in religion and morals "his methods were perniciously mistaken"; yet "his theory was repulsive but comprehensible"; and "the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain charm-poisoned at their base." That charm-poisoned spirit was nothing less than the peculiar romantic illusion of the Revolution which ignored the native impulse of evil, ever lurking in the heart of man, ready to leap forth when its chains are shaken, and which valued the emotions in accordance with their mere spontaneity and intensity.

If, notwithstanding these admissions, the true Shelleyan still cherishes the "Prometheus" and "The Revolt of Islam" as great and beautiful powers in the intellectual world, the issue becomes a matter of emphasis, or, rather, of exclusions in taste. What really appeals to the romantic idealist in the spirit of these poems, in their total effect, is a kind of elusive, yet rapturous, emanation of hope devoid of specific content. The poet may look upon the world of living men with perverted gaze, but his truth is faith in the future; he is "a being prophetic of some higher state to which mankind shall attain"; and from the intoxication of this sheer hope the destinies of mankind become like the vision of the chariots of the Hours:

> In each there stands
> A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
> Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
> And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
> Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
> With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
> As if the thing they loved fled on before,
> And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
> Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
> Sweep onward.

There is at least something in this that seems dynamic, a power to make man

> . . . hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

And indeed it is on this power, without account of its direction, that Mr. Clutton-Brock bases his admiration; to him Shelley "in his worst errors . . . was far more admirable and less mischievous than those who persuade us to submit to the mere mechanism of life by their own comfortable submission to it." Shall we, then, end here? The right comparison, I maintain, is not with those sunk in the comfortable mechanism of life, but rather with those strong poets of the true romance, who can hope and still maintain the balance of common-sense. I am bold to assert that this surrender to hope without thought of the thing it contemplates is possible only to a mind which has, in a sense, been debauched by false ideas and vain reading; that a mind deeply nourished on the true poets may for a time and by a sort of self-violence suffer itself to become inflated with this wind of vanity, but cannot long forget the actual outcome of that spirit in the poet's own life and its sterility or falseness in dealing with the actual motives of mankind. It is no sufficient answer to say that the veritable content of Shelley's hope is love, for the scope of this emotion is left equally vague, if not morbid, as the other. It is a long hope to build on the power which "makes the reptile equal to the God"; nor will that power convey much satisfaction to the heart that has sustained itself on the *amor* of Catullus in this world or on that of Dante in the visionary spheres. Love without a true understanding of evil is meaningless.

VI.

Or it may be that your Shelleyan

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eschews philosophy and ideas altogether, caring only for the poet's musical evocation of beauty. To such a one, as to Francis Thompson, the "Prometheus" is like a magical incantation, under the spell of which forms of fleeting iridescent loveliness float before his dream-open eyes:

Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist.

That is an innocent and blissful kind of inebriation, very desirable, no doubt, in a world too much given to seeking its escape from prose in quite other and baser ways; but he who indulges therein should beware of speaking of this phantom realm as if it were peopled with ideas. There is a beauty of dreaming and a beauty of waking; they are sisters both and daughters of the gods, but only one is acknowledged on Olympus. If you desire to know them apart, read in "Prometheus" of the voices that emanate from those wind-enchanted shapes:

Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
Which make such delicate music in the woods?
. . . . . .
'Tis hard to tell:
I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,
The bubbles, which the enchantment of the sun
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave
The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
Under the green and golden atmosphere
Which noon-tide kindles thro' the woven leaves;
And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,
The which they breathed within those lucent domes,
Ascends to flow like meteors thro' the night,
They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,
And bow their burning crests, and glide in fire
Under the waters of the earth again.

Read that and then recall Adam's account to Eve of the music that haunted the woods of Paradise:

. . . How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air. . .

The change is a transition from dreaming to the sober certainty of waking bliss; from a bubble-blown phantasmagoria to the ecstasy of intellectual beauty.

The fact is that if you press the meaning from all but the very few unreasoning worshippers of Shelley, you will find that they regard his long poems, organically conceived, as of a kind which the world would willingly let die, and that they really cherish him for the strains of lyric ecstasy caught up in the amorphous mass. That is fair criticism, and a man may pass over much in the waiting expectation for those scattered strains of music,

Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones
Which pierce the sense and live within the soul.

Of Shelley, taken merely as the author of a group of lyrics, brief in compass but exquisite in melody and feeling, quite another account might be given than this I am writing. Here, whether in independent songs or in short strains that can be detached from their context without any mark of incompleteness, here, when he expresses a purely personal joy or sorrow, love or regret, his genius suffers no let or thwarting; it is even strengthened by that romantic acceptance of the emotions. That is the Shelley of the young man's and the maiden's passionate admiration:

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

VII.

But it is necessary to add that even this wonderful lyric vein is subject at times to a kind of defeat from excess of the very power that produced it. "Adonais" is commonly reckoned, and no doubt is, the most perfect of his longer lyrics; yet the best stanzas of that poem, those that contain lines which have sung themselves into the memory of the world, are almost always marred by lapses into the vague and inane. There is no greater stanza in the elegy than the forty-fifth:

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

The literary inspiration of those lines (and in pointing to this I mean no disparagement of Shelley's originality) is clearly born from a kind of mystical blending of Virgil's

Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris—

and of Milton's

So were I equal'd with them in renown.

There are lines in Shelley's stanza—the first and the eighth, particularly—which are in no wise diminished by this association with two of the most celebrated passages in literature; yet a comparison of the stanza as a whole with the full parts of the "Æneid" and "Paradise Lost" shows quite as clearly the weakness of Shelley. It is inconceivable that Virgil or Milton should have held so loose a rein on his genius as to sink from "The inheritors of unfulfilled renown" to the vapid "Far in the Unapparent," or should have dropped immediately from the magnificent directness of Shelley's eighth verse (which rings like Lucan himself when most Roman) to the vague allegory of Oblivion shrinking reproved.

It would not be difficult to extend this kind of criticism to a considerable number of Shelley's most admired lyrics—to show, for instance, that the throbbing and tumultuous music of the great "Ode to the West Wind" straggles here and there to unmelodious conclusions, chiefly because the poet—like all his English compeers—disdained the inherent laws of the *terza rima* as these are exemplified in the works of Dante and the lesser Italian masters of the measure. There is no other metre in which it is so imperative to mould the thought to the pauses of the rhythm, under penalty of letting the rhymes hang as an impertinence instead of a support; but this lesson none of the English poets learned, and least of all was Shelley capable of such wise docility.

Nevertheless, granted that "Adonais" may occasionally descend into bathos, if it contains also images of pure and radiant beauty, why not give ourselves to these, and pass the errors by? Doubtless that is the part of wisdom, so far as it is feasible; but here again we are blocked by certain insurmountable exclusions of taste. There is a pleasure, the highest critical joy, in the perfection and harmonious unity of such work as Milton's "Lycidas," and he who has trained his mind to respond to that joy has by the very process rendered himself sensitive to false and obtrusive notes. He simply cannot read the stanza quoted from "Adonais" without suffering from the spirit of perversity engaged within it. It is true, no doubt, that there are blemishes—occasional awkwardnesses of execution, failures of the imagination, even lapses of taste of a kind—which may not affect essentially our attitude toward an extensive work of art; but they are not the faults which throw a suspicion of obliquity or vanity upon the very sources of the artist's inspiration.

These, I say, are the inevitable exclusions of taste. If a man avers that the thorough appreciation of "Lycidas" does not exclude for him an unmarred pleasure in "Adonais," I can only suspect that he has never felt the full force of the former. This is by no means to say that the enjoyment of Milton deadens a man to all lower forms of literature. The commonplace or the small may in its own sphere be commendable and may afford a true relish to the finest palate; and, indeed, one of the functions of criticism is to set forth and so

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far as possible rescue from oblivion the inexhaustible entertainment of the lesser writers. But the humble is another thing than the false, the false is noxious just in proportion to the elevation of the genius to which it adheres. There is nothing mutually exclusive in the complete enjoyment of both Milton and Crabbe; it is at least questionable whether the same man can heartily admire both Milton and Shelley. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

AN UNPUBLISHED BROWNING LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago, while hunting for something else in a heap of old letters, I happened to find a letter from Robert Browning which, I think, I had not seen for twenty years or more. It is dated at "19 Warwick Crescent, London, April 8th, 1887," and is a reply to one of mine in which I had asked him about certain apparent misprints in "Colombe's Birthday," and had criticised his use of "demean" in the sense of "degrade" or "debase," where Berthold says of the chamberlain:

> He'd hesitate
> A doubt his lady could demean herself
> So low as to accept me.

One of the misprints was "crowding" in the phrase "crowding attestation," as printed in the English "library" edition of 1888 (Act i, line 175). I had no doubt that it should be "crowning," as in the first edition (1844), and printed it so, with the approval of Miss Hersey, in our edition of the play, published just before I wrote the letter to Browning. I also called the attention of Mr. Scudder to it, as he was then at work on the "Riverside" edition of Browning; but he declared that "crowding" must be the poet's own alteration, and insisted on retaining it in the first issue of his edition. If the reader will look at the context in the play, he will see that there was a certain plausibility in the editor's opinion.

The other misprint to which Browning alludes is "conjecture" for "conjuncture" (Act. v, line 189: "For each conjuncture was she great enough"); but there could be no doubt about that.

Now for the letter, which reads thus:

Dear Mr. Rolfe: "Crowding" and "conjecture" are two vile misprints in the stereotype English edition—full of such. They come of the printer's laziness, who, if the type gets misplaced, prefers to replace it as he best can, without troubling the "Reader" [that is, the proofreader], who may not be at hand. The "grey, smooth chamberlain" is rightly given, however.

[This, by the way, which occurs in the line preceding "demean," *was* right in the stereotype edition, but *not* in the *first* edition, which misprints "grew" for "grey." I was sure that it was a misprint, though somebody had suggested that it might be equivalent to "grewsome."]

I take "demean herself" in the sense of the familiar French word whence it is derived—"se démener"—to behave in an unusual manner—"se démener comme un possédé"; and qualify it accordingly by the adverb "low," not "much," as would be proper if the word "demean" could explain itself sufficiently.

I had occasion only yesterday to point out to a correspondent the particular misfortune to which *verse*—rather than *prose*—is subject. A stop drops from the end of a line, which thus is suffered to run into the following one, making nonsense enough. There are dozens of instances of this in my own poems, and I never remember one which was corrected by a critic. In my own case, there has been no carelessness in proof-correcting; but after the author's best is done, the printer's worst may indulge itself. In my last poem the word "palette" is given once correctly, and a second time as "palate."

Believe me, Dear Sir, yours very sincerely, ROBERT BROWNING.

Browning's "last poem," mentioned in his letter, was probably the "Parleyings," where—in the "Furini"—the word "palette" occurs twice; but it is printed correctly in all the editions I have. That book was published in 1887, apparently before he wrote to me.

So far as I am aware, Browning was the only man on earth who ever attempted to justify the misuse of "demean" when his attention was called to its origin and the related noun "demeanor"; and his defence of it is very lame. It is derived, as he says, from the French *démener;* but that word has not, and never did have, the sense of "degrade" or "debase." I do not know where he found his definition, "to behave in an unusual manner"; but that is not necessarily a bad or disgraceful manner. The word does sometimes mean to be "agitated" or "excited," but, whether that is "unusual" or not, it does not in itself imply anything base or degrading.

But, if we look into the history of the French word, we find that originally it meant to "lead," "conduct," or "guide," thence, to "drive" (animals or vehicles), and reflexively to conduct or behave one's self—coming to refer to "behavior," just as "conduct" (with the similar original meaning) has done. Etymologists have sometimes been puzzled to explain its connection with the early Latin *minare* (classical *minari*), from which it is clearly derived, but which came to mean "threaten." But that word originally meant to "lead," "conduct," and the like; but being specifically used with reference to the driving of cattle, which involves threatening cries or ejaculations, it came to have the idea of threatening associated with it. This is the only explanation that seems to have been suggested by Latin, French, Italian, and English lexicographers, including the editors of the New English or Oxford Dictionary.

As to the misuse of "demean," the English etymologists all now agree that it arose from the erroneous supposition that the word was derived from "mean." As long ago as 1847 Sullivan pointed this out in his dictionary: but the revised quarto Webster, about forty-five years ago (in 1864?), gave "debase," "degrade," as one sense of "demean"; quoting Shakespeare for it in "The Comedy of Errors" (iv, 3,83), where Luciana says:

> Antipholus is mad,
> Else would he never so demean himself,

that is, behave himself, as it means in every instance in which the dramatist uses it. If the dictionary editors had turned to "3 Henry VI" (i, 4, 7), they would have found this passage:

> But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
> Like men born to *renown*, by life or death.

I called their attention to this, among other errors, and it was corrected in their next revision.

Another bad slip of Browning's was his assumption, in a note to "Paracelsus," that the modern word "bombast" had its origin in the turgid style of the lectures of Paracelsus. It was actually suggested by the original meaning of the word, namely, cotton, or "cotton wool" (from the Latin *bombyx*). The earliest instance of "bombast," or "bumbast," cited by the Oxford Dictionary, is in 1568; and in 1572 it is mentioned as used for stuffing doublets, the old padded coats for men. It soon came to be used figuratively of inflated or turgid language; as in "Love's Labour's Lost" (v. 2, 791):

> pleasant jest and comedy,
> As bombast and as lining to the time;

Where "lining" is expressive, as "stuffed" is in "Othello" (i, 1, 13):

> A bombast circumstance,
> Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war.

Sundry other etymological slips of Browning could be cited, if space permitted; the worst one, the monumental one, we might call it, being his use of *twat*, in "Pippa Passes." W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, January 18.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The general impression seems to be that the Parliamentary elections in England have resulted in a drawn battle between the Liberals and their Conservative opponents. This view overlooks some significant facts. It should be remembered, first, that this was no ordinary battle, but a distinct fight against hereditary privilege and for radical economic changes, which were universally recognized as striking at the very root of the special advantages enjoyed by the great landowners of Great Britain. On this issue the Liberal party was undeniably the second choice of virtually all who voted for the Labor candidates. While the policy of the Irish Nationalists subordinates all other issues to Home Rule, no person acquainted with the history of landlordism in Ireland can doubt that on the Budget as a separate issue the Irish sympathies are with the reforms of Lloyd-George. On the face of the returns, therefore, the voters have declared unequivocally for the principles on which the Liberal party has appealed to them.

To realize the full force of the Liberal victory, however, it is necessary to go behind the returns. In a conflict between the privileged and the disinherited classes, it should be emphasized that privilege must profit largely by the limitations imposed on the franchise in the British Isles. Where property, and not manhood, is the basis of suffrage, conservatism has an unfair advantage. It is alleged, in palliation of the British property qualification, that a very low limit is imposed, amounting to about fifty dollars a year as rent for householders, occupiers, and lodgers. The system of registration, however, requires a continuous residence of eighteen months in one place for this class, failing which the vote is lost. This strikes a deadly blow at the immense body of me-

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chanics belonging to the more migratory trades, and disfranchises hundreds of thousands of them at each election. Domestic servants and bachelors living at home are further specifically denied their rights as citizens. It has been statistically shown that where manhood suffrage prevails, the proportion of voters at a general election is about one in four. In Great Britain, however, the average is about one in six. At the last general election, in 1906, the number of voters was 7,266,708. Under full manhood suffrage, the number would have been more than 10,000,000. It can scarcely be seriously contended that any considerable proportion of the disfranchised 3,000,000 would be favorably disposed to the class which is the cause of their deprivation of citizen rights.

The great landholders are also favored by the system of plural voting. A man owning property or nominal residence in two or more boroughs may vote in each of them. The law is thus made to favor wealth, at the expense of misrepresenting the real sentiment of the people. The exact number of plural voters is not easy to determine; but it is sufficient to play an important part in a close election. In a campaign having the taxation of land values as its central issue, hardly one of these plural land-votes would be cast otherwise than on the side of the landholders.

Another most serious factor is found in the immense number of tenant farmers throughout England. While it is true that the old "rotten boroughs" have been largely reformed out of existence, the opportunities for indirect but none the less effective coercion of votes by the great landlords remain enormous. The intimidatory proclamation of the Duke of Sutherland to his tenants is but a single illustration of the degree to which an unprincipled landlord is able to interfere with the principle of free and impartial suffrage. How many tens of thousands of votes were won to the Conservatives by this unscrupulous method, can never be known; but it can certainly not be negligible.

Other elements of the situation might be brought to attention, such as the natural hesitation of the English people in the face of novel propositions of taxation, the dread of Socialism so cleverly though dishonestly played on by the spokesmen for the Lords, the war scare, and the mistakes of the Liberal party on minor issues. Under such a combination of adverse influences, the actual success of the Liberals at the polls must be taken to represent the real desire of an overwhelming majority of the British people. If the Budget, involving the taxation of land values, is deliberately ratified at the polls by the majority of an electorate confined to property-owners and those of the working population most favorably situated and having least cause for complaint at the existence of special privilege, a full, honest, and unintimidated vote of the people of Great Britain would assuredly have buried the Conservative party and the House of Lords so deep as to destroy all hope of resurrection.

BOLTON HALL.

New York, February 11.

AN AMERICAN POETESS OF 1759.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a fragment of the *Universal Magazine* for March, 1759, I find this early fruit of the American muse:

The R A K E.
By a Lady in New England.

——— Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor. HOR.

An open heart, a gen'rous mind,
But Passion's slave, and wild as wind:
In theory a judge of right,
Though banish'd from its practice quite;
So loose, so prostitute of soul,
His nobler wit becomes the tool
Of ev'ry importuning fool:
A thousand virtues misapply'd,
While Reason floats on Passion's tide.
The ruin of the chaste and fair;
The parent's curse, the virgin's snare;
Whose false example leads astray
The young, the thoughtless, and the gay:
Yet, left alone to cooler thought,
He knows, he sees, he feels his fault;
He knows his fault, he feels, he views,
Detesting what he most pursues:
His judgment tells him, all his gains
For fleeting joys are lasting pains:
Reason with Appetite contending;
Repenting still, and still offending:
Abuser of the gifts of Nature;
A wretched, self-condemning creature;
He passes o'er Life's ill-trod stage,
And dies, in youth, the prey of age!—
The scorn, the pity of the wise
Who love, lament him—and despise!

Perhaps some American antiquary may be able to identify this apt quoter of Horace.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England, December 11.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has issued some new regulations for the awarding of pensions (see *Science*, January 14, 1910). These regulations differ from the preceding ones mainly in the omission of the service pension. At present, a teacher in an accredited university cannot retire on a pension until he reaches the advanced age of sixty-five—unless, to be sure, he retires under the disability clause, of which it is needless to relate here.

Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy has discussed these changes in the *Nation* for February 3. It is not the purpose of this letter to comment on any of the statements advanced by him, but to draw attention to at least one other aspect of this important matter.

Judging from conversations with professors and from letters, the new regulations strike the teachers themselves with discouragement, if not with dismay. The opinion prevails that the Foundation will have accomplished at least one kind of *advancement*—that of the age of full professors who are still in the harness. In other words, if these regulations remain in effect, it is thought that the faculties of the future will be filled with aging and aged men, who are clinging to their jobs in an endurance test against time. It appears that this purpose is nearing accomplishment.

In view of the wide difference of opinion evident between the directors of the Foundation, on the one hand, and the teachers on the other, we may well believe that the new regulations would not have been adopted had there been an abundance of funds at the disposal of the Foundation. If this be the fact, it is to be hoped that some authoritative statement to this effect will be issued by the Foundation, in order that close and sympathetic relations may continue to exist between the Carnegie Foundation and its beneficiaries.

Let me add, in conclusion, that I have heard nothing but praise of the widow's clause in the new regulations.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, February 10.

EDOUARD ROD'S PATRIOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The name of Edouard Rod has been so identified with France and French letters that all except the Swiss are inclined to forget his Vaudois origin and certain things in his life and character, which bound him to his native land. His refusal to seek a place among the Forty, notwithstanding the advice of Comte d'Haussonville, was inspired by patriotic sentiment. M. Charles Burnier says:

One day when I spoke of the Academy to Rod, and asked him rather indiscreetly whether he had no legitimate ambition to enter it, he answered—it was at the time of the "Lys rouge": "No, because I should be obliged to have myself naturalized as a Frenchman, and I consider that *inélégant*."

This attachment to his country was shown also by his custom of always spending the summers in Switzerland, where he had residences in Valais and Vaud. "The most beautiful object in the world," he said, "is Lake Leman, between Rolle and Geneva."

A. A.

Neuchâtel, Switzerland, February 1.

ROSTAND AND TOM D'URFEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The production of M. Rostand's "Chantecler" gives additional piquancy to a notice, in the Dictionary of National Biography, of a somewhat similar venture on the English stage two hundred years ago. In the account of Tom D'Urfey we find:

In his burlesque, "Wonders in the Sun; or, the Kingdom of the Birds," a comic opera, . . . he brought on the stage actors dressed as parrots, crows, etc., and the business was farcical in the extreme. This justified the remark of Dryden, that "You don't know my friend Tom as well as I do. I'll answer for it he will write worse yet!"

JOHN M. CLAPP.

Lake Forest, Ill., February 7.

Literature.

SVEN HEDIN'S EXPLORATIONS IN TIBET.

Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet. By Sven Hedin. With 388 illustrations and 10 maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

In these two volumes which describe his latest journeys in Tibet, Dr. Sven Hedin carries us into a different region from that traversed in his previous explorations: a region almost as little

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known as were Eastern Turkestan and North Central Tibet before those explorations, and not less remarkable in its physical character. Starting from Kashmir, he reached Ladakh, and, organizing his party there, turned northward across the great Karakoram range of the Himalaya and travelled first northeastward, then eastward, then southeastward over the lofty plateau which lies at the back of the Himalayas, and is studded with small lakes, most of which have no outlet to any ocean. Far down to the east he reached the great river Tsanpo, or upper part of the Brahmaputra, and the famous Buddhist shrine of Shigatse. Thence he turned back west, up the Brahmaputra till he reached its source. Near it lie the sacred Mansarowar lakes, where he spent some time thoroughly exploring their neighborhood. Thence turning north and determining the head stream and very springs of the Indus where they issue from the ground, he turned west, and after almost reaching Ladakh, started back again on a second journey to the north and east, in which he crossed his former route, traversing valleys and crossing ranges hitherto unvisited, till at last he again reached the borders of British India and descended upon Simla, its summer capital. To describe these wanderings in detail would be useless, because the names of the mountains, lakes, and rivers he passed are nearly all of them new, even to the scientific geographer, and the tracks followed could not be made intelligible without a map. Suffice it to say that Dr. Hedin traversed, along routes previously unknown to any but the scanty native population, and sometimes running through pathless wildernesses, a region some six hundred miles long and fully three hundred broad, concerning nearly the whole of which scarce anything was previously known. This is a real service to geography, which well deserve the honors paid in Europe to this courageous and resourceful explorer.

If we say that Dr. Hedin is a better traveller than a writer, we do not mean to disparage his narrative style, which is simple, clear, and straightforward. He describes the incidents of each day's march in a plain, unvarnished way which gives the reader a sense of what the actual conditions of travel are in a wild, lonely, dreary country, where the hardships of cold, dirt, and other forms of physical discomfort find compensation in the grandeur of snowy peaks, of vast prospects, and of brilliant atmospheric effects. His occasional bursts of sentiment, which have the genuine naïveté of the Scandinavian spirit, as we know it in writers like Björnson and Jonas Lie, are altogether winning. But he has not the gift (or if he has, he does not use it) of presenting any general view of the phenomena he has observed. Two or three chapters, summarizing the general results of his expeditions and describing in a broad way the features of the country and the life of the people, would have been both helpful and interesting, for they would have put those features in a form which the reader would have found it more easy to comprehend and to remember. We must, however, recognize a difficulty which Dr. Hedin himself mentions. His publishers imposed on him limits of space which obliged him to omit parts of his narrative, so that here and there we skip over long stretches of country. The book was becoming already so large that the publishers were probably well advised but the work might certainly have been better planned as a whole.

To the reader who is not primarily a geographer, eager to comprehend the mountain structure of this extraordinary country, the most interesting parts of the book are those which describe the life, and especially the religious life, of the Tibetans. These people are almost as unlike the rest of mankind as their dwelling-place is unlike other countries. Sir J. D. Hooker, who ranks with Darwin as the most vivid and instructive of scientific travellers, long ago, in his "Himalayan Journals," described Tibet as "the highest, coldest, driest, barrenest, windiest region on earth"; and the extraordinary isolation in which the Tibetans have lived for many centuries, cut off by deserts on the East, North, and West, and separated from India on the south by the gigantic barrier of the Himalaya, has favored the development of a peculiar type of semi-civilization, and of a still more peculiar ecclesiastical system. The church of Tibet and the monasticism of Tibet offer strange, even grotesque, parallels, to some of the forms which Christianity took in the early centuries and in the Middle Ages. But, even apart from this parallelism of their phenomena, they are in themselves well worthy of study.

Dr. Hedin does not treat them systematically, but he gives us some interesting lights on the external aspects of the Tibetan religion, in which Buddhism is curiously intermixed with spirit worship and other forms of primitive superstition.

The centre and metropolis of the Tibetan church, is, of course, Lhasa, the preëminently sacred city, in which the Dalai Lama resides, and which, down till the recent British expedition, had been visited by no European, save the French Abbé Huc (in disguise) some seventy years ago. Now, however, the books written by Englishmen who formed part of that expedition, have made it so well known, that curiosity began to fix itself upon another city of scarcely inferior sanctity, Shigatse, with the famous monastery of Tashi Lunpo, where dwells the Tashi Lama, or Panchen Rinpoche (holy teacher), second in dignity only to him of Lhasa. At the time of Dr. Hedin's journey, the Dalai Lama, who had fled at the approach of the British forces, was still far away in the North, so the Tashi Lama was virtually head of the church for the time being, and to see him was an extraordinary privilege. Dr. Hedin achieved it and his description of this Buddhist Pope is worth quoting:

> We go higher up smooth, steep staircases to open landings, up more steps, higher and higher, to the Holiest of Holies, in the Monastery of Tashi Lunpo. The conversation is carried on in lower, more subdued tones. . . .
>
> We enter, not without feeling solemn. I make a deep bow at the door, and two more before I stand before him. The Tashi Lama is sitting on a bench in a window recess, and has in front of him a table with a small teacup, a telescope, and some printed sheets. He is dressed as simply as an ordinary monk, wears a cerise costume of the usual style, coat, waistcoat, and vest, and the long scarf which is thrown over the shoulder and wound round the body like a toga. Between its folds peeps out a yellow under-vest, with gold embroidery. Both arms are bare, and the head uncovered. His complexion is fair, slightly inclining to yellow. He is somewhat below the middle height, is well proportioned, looks healthy, and, having lately completed his twenty-fifth year, has every prospect of attaining a good old age. His short-cropped hair is black, and there is scarcely any down on his upper lip. The lips are not thick and full like those of other Tibetans, but thin and gracefully formed; his eyes of a chestnut brown color. . . . There is not a single idol, no wall painting, or any other decoration, scarce any furniture, not a thread of carpet, only the bare stone floor, and through the window his melancholy and dreamy, but clear and open, glances wander over the golden temple roofs, over the town below them, with its dirt and sin, over the dreary mountains which bound his earthly horizon, and away through the azure blue sky to a Nirvana invisible to us, where his spirit will one day find rest. But all the time he preserved a wonderful calmness, a refined, amiable politeness and dignity, and spoke in a charmingly soft and subdued voice, modest, almost shy. . . . We talked about all kinds of things in heaven and earth, beginning from his own religion, in the Pantheon of which he takes the highest rank among living prelates. He displayed an alertness, an interest in everything, and an intelligence that surprised me in a Tibetan at least." (Vol. I, pp. 319, 320.)

Nowhere perhaps in the world does religion, in the form of external symbols and observances, bulk so largely in the eyes and minds of a people as Buddhism does in Tibet. Monasteries are in sight everywhere: a large part of the population dwell in them. The church is, or was till the recent war gave the Chinese an opportunity for re-asserting and making real their almost vanished suzerainty, the ruling power in the country. The tombs of saints and divers shrines stand everywhere

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along the tracks. Prayer flags and pennants float from poles on and around every building. Prayer mills are turned by the water of every stream, each flag, each mill, bearing the sacred formula, "Om Mani Padme Hum" (Oh, the jewel in the lotus flower), so that every waving of the flag, every revolution of the mill, repeats a prayer for the benefit in its future course of the soul of him who fixed the flag or the mill in its place. Nearly everybody carries in his hand a little machine with a wheel which he turns round and round as he sits and talks, and which in each turning repeats again the mystic phrase. Nowhere, not even by the anchorites of the Thebaid in the fourth and fifth centuries of Christianity, or by the Celtic hermits who placed themselves on isolated wave-washed rocks along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland in the sixth and seventh centuries, were the austerities of a life of solitude and privation carried so far as they are to-day by these Tibetan lamas who immure themselves in a cave or small stone building which is thereupon walled up, leaving only one small aperture—a sort of tiny tunnel—through which food barely enough to support life is thrust in by some one from the nearest monastery. The solitary inmate, living in unbroken darkness, utters no word and hears none. It would be a deadly sin for the lama who brings his food to speak to him, and were he to speak, all the merit he has acquired by his mortification and seclusion would be thrown away. Dr. Hedin saw the outside of such a hermitage, erected with very thick walls over a spring, the interior perfectly dark. Within it dwelt an anchorite who had already lived in silence for three years, and had vowed himself to perpetual seclusion. Should he not draw in the daily bowl of food, the lama who brings it might guess that he was ill, but would not interfere. Only if six days elapse without the bowl being touched do the monks conclude that the inmate is dead, whereupon they break open the enclosing wall, and bury him. Dr. Hedin was told of a lama who had died fifteen years before, having entered this hermitage at the age of twenty, and spent forty years in it. A still more remarkable case was that of a devotee who had lived immured in the darkness of such a hermitage for sixty-nine years. It is hard to believe that the human frame can retain life for so long a period in a climate intensely cold in winter, with a supply of daily food extremely scanty, and always the same kind of food, and without a single ray of sunlight. One must suppose that the hermit, occupied solely in meditation and in the repetition of the magic Om Mani, passes into a sort of stupor, in which not only day and night and summer and winter pass unnoted, but all sense of time itself is lost, and the Nirvana which he seeks is practically attained by a loss of individual consciousness itself as well as of all human desires and passions.

Intensely religious as the Tibetans are, after their fashion, and bent as they are on keeping all European strangers out of their country, they do not seem to be intolerant. Muslims come up and move freely about among them, as well as Hindus; one of their most sacred spots is, indeed, an object of equal veneration to Hindu pilgrims coming from the plains of India and to the Buddhist natives of the plateau. This is the Manasarowar Lake, called by the Tibetans Tso Mavang, a beautiful sheet of water, about sixteen miles wide, which lies between the source of the Brahmaputra to the southeast, and the source of the Indus to the north, at a height of 15,098 feet above sea level, three thousand feet higher than Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, and higher than the highest summit in the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevada. Dr. Hedin, who prudently carried a small boat about with him, putting its pieces together when he had to use it, explored the lake to ascertain its depth, and had a perilous adventure on it in a storm, for this lofty plateau is a land of tempests. Indeed, his aquatic adventures on the lakes are the most thrilling in the book. North of the lake is the sacred mountain, which the Hindus call Kailas, and the Tibetans Kang Rinpoche. It rises from the plateau, here 15,000 to 16,000 feet in elevation, to a height of 21,818 feet, and may owe its especial sanctity not only to the proximity of the sacred lake, but to the peculiar form of its topmost peak, which resembles the Tibetan shrine tomb consecrated to a saint. Immense numbers of pilgrims come from India, as well as Tibet, to make the circuit of it. That circuit is twenty-eight miles long, and the path is in many places steep and rocky, but the worshipper will sometimes make it thirteen times in succession. The greatest merit is earned when the mountain is compassed by a series of prostrations in which the devotee measures his own length along the ground all the way. Such a pilgrim body-circuit is equivalent in soul value to thirteen circuits made on foot. Whether the top of the mountain is accessible we are not told. Dr. Hedin does not seem to have ever climbed any summits (as a regular Alpinist would have done), or to care about them; he tells us only about passes. Perhaps the peak is deemed inaccessible; perhaps the spirits that dwell on it would repel a daring intruder. Anyhow, it is, as Dr. Hedin observes, the most holy of all holy mountains; holier than Sinai or Ararat or Fuji Yama; holier than any of the sacred heights of Europe, such as Monserrate in Spain or Croagh Patrick in Ireland.

We have not space to dwell upon the endless difficulties which our traveller encountered in the constant efforts of the Tibetan authorities to turn him back. He evaded some of these by various stratagems and devices, but sometimes was forced to yield and abandon routes he had hoped to take. It is all the more creditable to his temper and feeling that, in spite of these frequent struggles with the Tibetan officials, he speaks warmly of the courtesy and kindliness of the people as a whole; observing with truth that it is far easier to succeed among semi-civilized or barbarous people by good humor and gentleness of manner than by threats or violence.

The name Trans-Himalaya, which he proposes to give to the long line of mountains separating the Upper Brahmaputra Valley from the isolated lake basins of northern Tibet, seems highly inappropriate. It suggests a region, not a mountain range, and his arguments in its favor leave us unconvinced. That is a matter for the scientific world to settle. Meantime, we congratulate him on a journey which reflects the greatest credit on his courage, his tact, and his endurance, and which has immensely increased our knowledge of this strange land and its people.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Journal of a Recluse. Translated from the original French. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The reading of this book leaves it easy to believe that the purported translation is one of the tricks of the trade of authorship used to give a stronger appearance of actuality to its origin. It is the story of a Scotchman born in humble life who, having shown himself of the stuff that meets emergencies, was privileged to receive an education on an equal footing with the young lord his master, and to share his travels and experiences so long as Lord Eliot lived. At his patron's early death he emigrated to America and presently, under the influence of Thoreau's writings, turned recluse on the Pacific Coast in the forest lands of the State of Washington. Two thwarted love affairs strongly influenced his life; one an undeclared affection for the sister of his young master; the other, a mutual passion between himself and his niece, who first meets him when she is grown to woman's estate. This temptation successfully withstood, the hero turns his attention to education, agriculture, and to keeping a journal in French. There are few topics on which he does not discourse, bringing to bear on all a mixture of conservatism and free thought which would perhaps naturally result from the immersion of a Scotch brain

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in advanced ideas. Himself a man of simplicity and integrity, he has an intellectual passion of curiosity which leads him to give ear to every doctrine that comes his way, with a philosopher's indulgence to most things—unless it be the American system of education. To this he gives some eloquently hostile pages.

Other chapters of his journal are devoted to creeds and causes, to nature and civilization, to man and woman. Now he is as practical as Franklin, now as introspective as Amiel. He is old-fashioned enough to know "from observation that there is nothing so futile as these so-called *reasonings* between children and adults. They are taught to argue expertly on their own side, and the argument finishes usually by the yielding of the adult, because he has no longer the capacity for blind persistence that is a trait of youth." He is enough of a free lance to say, "For me . . . religion is nothing but poetry petrified into dogma." Throughout he is ready to take pains in behalf of such of his kind as he has sifted out and found deserving. A pricker of the bubbles of pretence, instability, and cowardice, he reveals himself as a materialist with a diligent working sense of honor.

Old Harbor. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A year or two ago, with "The Clammer," Mr. Hopkins captured a pleased audience. Its plot was nothing; but its very insignificance gave a charm to a delicate and fanciful treatment. There was, to be sure, a touch of self-consciousness about it, and "Old Harbor" confirms one's suspicion that the earlier story was the *tour de force* of an amateur—if there be such a person separable from the motley rout of our "fictionists." "Old Harbor" attempts a thing which has repeatedly been done with more or less success. Our New England coast villages with a past have been pretty thoroughly exploited by dealers in local color. It is an interesting type for America—the little old port, once active in shipping, and now, with its stately mansions and rotting wharves, but a monument of the past. Mellow decay is a phenomenon to be cherished on this side of the water. But Mr. Hopkins has little or nothing fresh to offer in his interpretation. He has provided a sufficiently varied assortment of characters—but he has provided them. They have not made themselves alive through him. Consequently, the best we can say for them, one and all, is that they are suggestive of familiar types. Eben, the prodigal brother, who is in a way the most striking person in the story, is a figure of some pathos. His sister Harriet is the New England spinster of tradition. "Clanky Beg" is one of the most artful idiots ever seen off any stage, quite the god from the machine from start to finish of the action. Dr. Olcott, with his property nag, is the gruff and kindly country doctor of tradition—what rustic tale can get on without him? And so on. There are a drunken ne'er-do-weel, a stately gentleman of the old school, two proud and poverty-stricken gentlewomen, a young artist, and a young coquette—who is reformed. For broad comedy, you have an Irish "Yarb" woman, and a Scotch apothecary, who occasionally exchange dialects without ceremony. Altogether, it is the kind of book that if you know rural New England, will remind you of people and things you have seen. But it is artificial—a series of reminders rather than a veritable interpretation.

Sailors' Knots. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The constant reader of Mr. Jacobs looks, nor looks in vain, for a renewal of entertainment with each new volume of his salt coast sketches. His originality in inventing situations seems without limit. His wharves where night-watchmen sit and remember are the scenes of a wit that loses not its savor. And his tidy cottages in clean little streets, his cosey interiors and deft housekeeping, offset the antics of his characters in such wise as to make his work seem like Howarth illustrations in type. His drollery is so gladdening that cheerful forgiveness may be accorded an occasional lapse into seriousness. The introduction, for example, of a real haunted house as background for one of his stories, "The Toll-House," quickly passes out of mind on the reading of "Double Dealing," a quite perfect specimen of the author's art.

Great Possessions. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A noted general, Sir David Bright, has been killed in the Boer war, and his young widow, Lady Rose, is horrified by the discovery that the will left with his solicitor insults both her and his own memory by leaving a mere pittance to her and the bulk of his enormous fortune to a Madame Danterre, of whose existence she has hitherto been ignorant. An enigmatic message forwarded from the front by one of Sir David's comrades adds to Rose's bewilderment. Madame Danterre, who has been blackmailing Sir David for years by alleging that he married her while he was delirious with fever, many years before his marriage to Rose, dies and leaves to her daughter, Molly Dexter, Sir David's fortune and a distressing temptation in the form of the will executed just before his death, reversing the provisions of the former document. Our old friend, the device of the mis-sent letters, comes valiantly to the front at this point. Of course, Molly suppresses the will for a time, and revels in her ill-gotten wealth, only to find it apples of Sodom: equally, of course, her conscience is ultimately too strong for her, and she departs to a life of expiatory service and sacrifice, leaving Lady Rose—a true British type of blond and fragile loveliness, and a compendium of all the virtues—to the enjoyment of her rights, and a somewhat tardy appreciation of the merits of the high-minded and self-effacing hero, who has been her lover since her childhood.

GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi and the Thousand. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. With maps and numerous illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.25 net.

Garibaldi is most fortunate in having found at last a biographer who is enthusiastic but not uncritical. The life of the hero of the Defence of Rome and of the Sicilian Expedition must be told with all possible glow and color in order to reproduce for readers to-day some of the romance which held his contemporaries spellbound. He is, indeed, the theme for a young historian. Mr. Trevelyan, though young, has already had wide experience in historical writing, and this experience enables him to keep his balance throughout. Without being himself beglamoured, he causes us to feel the glamour of Garibaldi's person and exploits.

His first work on Garibaldi ("Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," 1907) left his hero in exile after the astonishing retreat from Rome; this volume begins with a description of him making candles in Meucci's factory on Staten Island. Then follows a rapid sketch of his wanderings, and of the progress of the Italian movement until Cavour, having won the support of Napoleon III, forced Austria to declare war in 1859. In that campaign Garibaldi carried on a brief but brilliant guerrilla warfare along the Lakes. Next he appeared in the autumn as a general in the army of the Central Italian League; but just at the moment when he seemed about to precipitate an untimely invasion of Umbria, he listened to Victor Emanuel's advice, threw up his command, and retired like a reluctant eagle to his island crag. Mr. Trevelyan, having now reached his central subject, narrates in greater detail the preliminary agitations in Sicily, the assembling of the Thousand, their departure from Genoa and landing at Marsala, their amazing march to Palermo and its capture. This logically concludes the first part of their marvellous enterprise. In a second volume the author promises to complete the story of the Thousand.

Such is the substance of the book. What are its qualities? In the first

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place, it is written in a brisk and sinuous style; next, its perspective is well kept; thirdly, it is judicial; and, finally, it is based on acquaintance with all the principal printed sources, and also unpublished documents and reminiscences. Mr. Trevelyan excels, as readers of his earlier volume will recall, in describing military operations, especially if they be of the irregular kind in which Garibaldi often showed himself a master. But, both for strategy and conducting an engagement, he rates Garibaldi higher than a partisan leader; we incline to think, however, that Garibaldi belongs with the wonderful Boer commanders, or with a raider like Morgan, rather than with the Stonewall Jacksons and the Shermans of large operations. Still, we have yet to see Mr. Trevelyan's account of the battle of the Volturno, and we must not forget that, whether he be classed as a glorified guerrilla or not, Garibaldi's achievement in 1860 produced results which few modern generals have equalled.

Among the questions concerning the Expedition, none has been more acrimoniously debated than that of Cavour's attitude toward its organization. The tendency of the Garibaldians has been to deny that he helped, and they have cited this or that incident to prove his opposition; the Cavourians, on the other hand, have asserted that, although the Prime Minister would have preferred that there should be no expedition at that time controlled by the Party of Action, he saw that it was safer to let them start than to risk an upheaval at home; and that, having taken this position, he actually gave them as much aid as he could without bringing all the cabinets of Europe down on Piedmont. Mr. Trevelyan in general accepts the latter view, and traces with much discernment the swiftly changing phases of the affair. This may serve as an example of his care to establish the proper relations between the political and the active forces in the episode.

Another point to be remarked upon, because it is representative, is his accurate study of topography. He traces the course of the Thousand from Marsala to Palermo with the minuteness of a map-maker; indeed, he has been over the route himself, and having an eye for the picturesque, he relieves what might otherwise be a painstaking description of a military march by charming bits of local color. Yet in spite of this gift, he never indulges in fine writing for its own sake. The throbbing passages come quite naturally and are not pressed.

In construction, the work is well planned; one topic leads to the next, and unless it be in the account of the approach of the various detachments to Palermo, there is never a lack of clearness. Mr. Trevelyan writes to be read, and those readers who believe that historical writers of the highest class must be full of human interest, will rejoice that he, who is equally a scholar, has proved that this can be accomplished. We await eagerly his concluding work on Garibaldi and Cavour: for his sense of the significance of the Risorgimento is constantly expanding, and it will have a worthy theme in the final conflict between the great statesman and the modern paladin.

The Earliest Cosmologies. By William Fairfield Warren. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Dr. Warren holds that the ideas of the Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, Iranians, and Indo-Aryans concerning the form of the universe were derived from Babylonia, and he finds in the ancient texts the following data for the reconstruction of the Babylonian universe: (1) The earth occupied the central place; (2) the northern half of the earth was viewed as the upper, the southern as the under; (3) the northern half was regarded as having the form of a seven-staged pyramid; (4) the under half was held to consist in like manner of seven stages; (5) the earth was four-cornered; (6) there were seven heavens and seven hells; (7) above the seventh heaven was the "highest heaven," that of the fixed stars; (8) this eighth heaven was divided by the Zodiac into two portions, an upper or Arctic, and an under or Antarctic, and at the pole of the former was Anu's palace; (9) the north pole of the heavens was regarded as the zenith of the cosmic system, and consequently the sun and moon were supposed to move in a horizontal plane; (10) the order of the planets, proceeding from the earth, was: Moon, Sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; (11) to pass from the upper half of the earth to its under half, that is, from the abode of living men to the abode of the dead, it was necessary to cross a body of water; (12) according to Diodorus Siculus (ii, 31) the Babylonians believed that twelve designated stars south of the Zodiac stood in the same relation to the dead as do the twelve corresponding stars north of the Zodiac to the living. Dr. Warren's conclusion is that the Babylonians conceived of the earth (the upperworld and the underworld) as composed of two seven-staged pyramids separated by a body of water; around it seven homocentric globes (the planetary spheres), and beyond these another sphere, the heaven of the fixed stars; and the other ancient cosmologies he holds to be of the same character.

The difficulty in Dr. Warren's learned and well-conducted discussion is that he constructs a symmetrical scheme from data too varied and too vague to admit of such a formulation. It is true that the Babylonians conceived of the earth as a mountain, and it is possible that the sacred staged structure, called *zikkurat*, was an imitation of this form (though another explanation is possible); but the number of stages in a *zikkurat* was not necessarily seven, and there is no proof that the earth-mountain was supposed to have just seven stages. Proof is similarly lacking for the assumption of this pyramidal form for the underworld. In support of his contention Dr. Warren (p. 35) quotes Jensen's statement ("Kosmologie," p. 175): "The seven *tupukati* of the underworld are a facsimile of the seven *tupukati* of the overworld"; now, Jensen defines this term as meaning "earth-zones," not "stages," and understands the seven gates through which Ishtar, in her descent to the underworld, has to pass as indicating simply seven regions or divisions. For the assertion (quoted by Dr. Warren from Winckler) that in the Babylonian system there were seven heavens and seven hells, no proof is offered. There is no support in the Old Testament for a seven-staged pyramidal underworld—*Sheol* (Ezek. xxxii, etc.) is a single underground region where all the dead dwell together; and, it may be added, the word "hell," if it be taken in its later sense, is a misrepresentation of the Babylonian and Hebrew nether worlds, neither of which is a place of torment. Seven heavens there are in late Jewish works, such as the Slavonic "Enoch" (dating from near the beginning of our era), and there is a suggestion of such a scheme in the New Testament (2 Cor. xii, 2); but this is a late application of a sacred number to the structure of the celestial world, not an old cosmological conception. Some of the data in Dr. Warren's list are commonplaces of early thought and have no serious cosmological significance: the earth is necessarily taken as the centre of the universe, and might naturally be taken as quadrilateral, though this latter point is not certain. The belief that to reach the otherworld it was necessary to cross water is found among low tribes—this is one of the many lines of travel to the beyond imagined by the ancients. Hades sometimes lay far off in the west, or in some other direction, and one had to traverse deserts to reach it; sometimes it was placed in the bowels of the earth, and a ghost, like Samuel, came up, or a living pilgrim, like Æneas, went down. In Egypt particularly the conception of the locus of the otherworld was vague and fluctuating; in Babylonia and Canaan it seems to have been always a subterranean region. It is probable that the Babylonian astronomy passed into India and Greece, but in none of these countries do the current astronomical beliefs support Dr. Warren's specific thesis. If the northern half of the earth was regarded as the upper and

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the southern as the under part (and a northern people could not think otherwise), and if the sun and the moon were supposed to move in a horizontal plane, this tells us nothing of a seven-staged pyramidal earth. Dr. Warren is of opinion that Homer regarded the earth as a sphere—the relation between this spherical earth and the pyramidal earth is not clear. We cannot here follow our author into his delineation of the voyage of Odysseus and other matters discussed by him; his conclusions all rest on his theory of the earliest cosmologies.

Sailing Ships: The Story of Their Development from the Earliest Time to the Present Day. By E. Keble Chatterton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

This is a heartfelt book, the author's affection for his subject being manifest on every page. Since it embodies the results of painstaking and thorough research into records extending back to the era of the pyramids, and of consulting well-nigh all available sources of information, it will long hold first place as an authoritative work. It is very readable in spite of its encyclopædic character. Its parts are made to hang together by the author's endeavor to explain the causes for the invention of each type of craft and rig and to make clear the influence exerted upon nautical design by the early voyages between the Mediterranean and the North Sea, each locality profiting by the experience of the other. The former lively interest in sailing vessels has largely disappeared, except in the case of yachts, and is now historical rather than actual; but Englishmen, who owe so much to maritime adventure, cannot fail to appreciate this endeavor to trace the origin, development, and decline of the sailing ship.

With us, the subject ceased to be of primary importance when we turned our backs on the ocean and began the conquest of the lands lying west of the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; but we played a gallant rôle once upon a time, of which we have good reasons to be proud. Written for his own people, Mr. Chatterton's book gives but scant space to our California clippers and their marvellous voyages. It is to be hoped that some lover of American ships and sailors will do for our builders and navigators what Mr. Chatterton has done for their European colleagues, and will tell us of the Forbes rig and his invention of the double topsail among other kindred matters.

We note in Mr. Chatterton's volume the absence of reference to the famous British East Indiaman Heather Bell, which in the 70's averaged 300 miles a day from just south of the line to the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, a wonderful record. Although Mr. Chatterton pronounces the sailing ship's valedictory, he seems to believe that commerce will have to revert to its ancient practice when coal and oil become prohibitory in price.

The bibliography is otherwise quite complete, but it is hard to understand how the author failed to consult Nicolaes Witsen's splendid work on shipbuilding, written in Dutch and published in Amsterdam in 1671. The index is exasperatingly inadequate. To ascertain when the square spritsail gave place to the jib and when vessels became weatherly enough to make their way against the wind through "beating" or "tacking," one must run through the text itself; yet these are really critical episodes in the sailor's art. The letterpress and the illustrations from authentic documents leave little to be desired either in scope or accuracy.

Francesco Petrarca: Poet and Humanist. By Maud F. Jerrold. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Here is a painstaking labor of love. The author has not merely read widely in the enormous mass of Petrarch literature, but has thoroughly familiarized herself with the original texts, including Latin works usually neglected, and generally has provided her own translations. She has shown tact in arrangement, and has chosen a form of expression at once sufficiently enthusiastic and self-effacing. It seems to us the best single work on the humanist poet in English, and not likely soon to be superseded.

Naturally there are slips, and occasionally points where deeper study would have modified her opinions. The view taken of the poetry of the Troubadours seems to us far too favorable, based rather upon the old romantic criticism of Fauriel and Renouard than upon intimate acquaintance with the texts. Koeppel's various studies on Petrarchism in England would have been of assistance in preparing the chapter on the imitators of Petrarch. Since the right dates of Chaucer's first Italian journey were established a dozen years ago in *Modern Language Notes*, XI, 210—and more briefly in the *Nation* in the autumn of 1896—it is disheartening to note once more the venerable error that the poet was in Italy the greater part of the year 1373. His absence from London was less than four months, from December 1 to April 28; his sojourn in Italy must have been rather less than two, and the chance that he had time to make the legendary visit to Petrarch is a very remote one. Had he seen the Laureate he could hardly have failed to be better informed concerning Boccaccio, whom he imitated so freely. The two charming impersonations of Music and Rhetoric which are reproduced as works of Melozzo da Forlì have been assigned by competent authority to Justus of Ghent. Fifteenth-century prints of the Triumphs are useful illustrations. Evidently no portrait of the poet has seemed worthy of presentation, which seems a pity, for Guariento's repainted fresco at Padua is not without merit, while many of the early portraits are characteristic enough to inspire confidence.

We would gladly dwell upon this excellent book, but its subject is too large to be compassed in brief notice. Instead let us present a passage which will give a fair idea of the author's manner. It is on love of nature, in which all the world knows Petrarch was a forerunner:

> Love of nature, as of all things else, can be of many kinds. There is the love of the artist, who seizes an effect and constructs a picture; there is intellectual love which is impressed by brightness, or sombreness, or savageness, by mystery or simplicity, according to the cast of mind; there is the love of association which marks out certain scenes and places from all others, not because of what they are, but for what they suggest and embody; and then there is the spontaneous love of nature for her own self, the only love which is entirely worthy of the name, which is all-embracing, which does not look for sympathy, but imparts it, which does not ask to be understood, but understands. None of these loves was foreign to the soul of Petrarca, but the last was preëminently his, and in this he was a pioneer.

In spite of Vaucluse, Italy was always the darling land of the poet. He was the first to express many modern feelings, and he first uttered the longing that thousands of enthusiasts have felt long before Du Bellay, Goethe, Byron, and Browning gave to a universal nostalgia classic sanction. "One should call every one an exile who is condemned to live out of Italy," writes Petrarch once for all. The epigram is worth perhaps most of the subsequent poetic variations on the theme.

Notes.

The Revells will soon publish the autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, under the title, "Fifty-three Years in Syria." Dr. Jessup became a missionary of the Presbyterian church to Syria in 1860.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell celebrated his eightieth birthday, on February 15, by publishing a new book of verse, "The Comfort of the Hills," which includes besides the title poem the "Ode on a Lycian Tomb," "An Ode to Battles," "The Song of the Captured Confederate Battle-flags," "The Birthday of Washington," and "In Memory of William Henry Drummond."

To the Tudor and Stuart Library has been added a reprint of the first authentic edition (1643) of Sir Thomas Browne's

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"Religio Medici," together with "Observations upon Religio Medici, occasionally written by Sir Kenelome Digby, Knight 1643." Editions of the "Religio Medici" are abundant, but none of them, to our knowledge, can compare with this beautiful reproduction from type made from dies of the seventeenth century. We have here, too, the assurance of accuracy that goes with the work of the Clarendon Press. The interest of Sir Kenelm Digby's "Observations" is more curious than intrinsic, but it was a good idea to bind it up with the "Religio." One day in December, 1642, Digby, then lying a prisoner in Winchester House, received from the Earl of Dorset a letter recommending the "Religio," which had appeared in a pirated edition. Digby immediately sent out his servant to obtain a copy of the book, and on the same night, the 22d ("I thinke I may say the 23., for I am sure it is morning, and I thinke it is day"), sent his "Observations" on the work to Lord Dorset. Just how Digby found time to write his long review in one night, as it appears he did, Digby's present reviewer would give a good deal to know. His praise of the book is well known:

> This good natur'd creature I could easily perswade to bee my Bedfellow, and to wake with mee as long as I had any edge to entertaine my selfe with the delights I sucked from so noble a conversation.

"Town Planning; Past, Present, and Possible," by H. Inigo Triggs (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is a beautiful literary expression of the civic spirit now abroad in England, a legal manifestation of which was the Housing and Town-Planning bill of 1908. After considering ancient and modern types of the town, Mr. Triggs discusses in a practical way the subject of town planning for the health, convenience, and beauty of urban life. The book contains 173 illustrations, making an impressive exhibition of what can be done when the public business is well managed and public resources are ably administered. To an American reader the work may suggest sad regret that we do not possess institutions of government able to perform such noble functions of public service.

"Readings in American Government and Politics," by Prof. Charles A. Beard (Macmillan), is a source book of the kind now increasingly employed by political science in establishing itself on an inductive basis. It is a record of events and proceedings illustrative of the actual characteristics of American government, national, State, and municipal. The pathology of our politics receives due attention and such morbid traits as log-rolling, "Senatorial courtesy," corporation benevolences to party managers, Tammany junkets, etc., receive appropriate exemplification in the records presented. The work is well-planned and well-executed.

In the intellectual movement which it has become usual to call the twelfth-century renaissance John of Salisbury is one of the central figures. An Englishman by birth, he spent many years with the great teachers of Paris and Chartres, in the leisurely days when there were neither courses of study nor degrees and men were free to study as they would; made no less than ten journeys to Italy, where he saw much of the papal court and came into contact with the new translations of Aristotle; served as secretary to three successive archbishops of Canterbury, including Becket; and died bishop of Chartres. No writer, of his own age, or, indeed, of the whole mediæval period, shows so broad and accurate a knowledge of the Latin classics, and nowhere is the cause of classical learning defended against the rising tide of the scholastic logic more warmly than in his "Metalogicus." His other principal work, the "Policraticus," or "Statesman's Book," is a discursive treatment of a variety of political and philosophical themes, enriched by a wealth of ancient examples, but not devoid of references to the author's own times, as, for instance, to the itinerant justices of Henry II, who are here first mentioned by that name. A critical edition of this interesting cyclopædia has just been published in two volumes by Clement C. I. Webb (Frowde). The text is based on the manuscript of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which is almost certainly the original presentation copy given by the author to Archbishop Becket. The annotation is judicious, and the effort to identify the sources of John's citations has taken his editor on long excursions into the civil and canon law and the ecclesiastical writers of the Middle Ages, as well as over a wide range of ancient literature.

"Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery and Secession," by Beverley B. Munford (Longmans), is an attempt to show that the secession of Virginia was due, not to devotion to slavery and a desire to perpetuate it, and least of all to hostility to the Union, but to the adoption by the Federal government of a policy of coercion. This violated the compact theory which, in Virginia as in the other cotton States, had always been regarded as constitutionally sound; because it would compel those States to remain in the Union after they had decided to withdraw from it. In support of this contention, Mr. Munford examines in considerable detail, and with much fresh and suggestive array of evidence, the history of slavery in Virginia, dwelling particularly on the comparatively small number of slave-owners, the injurious effect of slavery on the economic development of the State, the pronounced anti-slavery sentiment among all classes, and the humane treatment of the slaves themselves. Even the fact that every proposed scheme of emancipation seemed beset with insurmountable obstacles, and that pro-slavery opinion grew markedly after 1833, did not prevent Virginians from freeing their slaves in large numbers down almost to the outbreak of the civil war. Mr. Munford's temper is so admirable, and his method so direct, as to make adverse criticism seem ungracious. We cannot but think, however, that he has somewhat confused the cause of secession with its occasion. Granted that war was entered upon, as Lincoln said it was, not to abolish slavery, but to preserve the Union, it is, nevertheless, hardly credible that resistance would have been so prompt or determined had there been a very deep or widespread desire to escape from a social system of which slavery was one of the chief bulwarks. If, as Mr. Munford insists, Virginia seceded simply because the Federal government resorted to coercion, the conclusion is unavoidable that the State preferred to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance rather than to attain an admittedly higher one by Federal aid. That such was the fact, not in Virginia alone, but throughout the cotton States, is, we believe, the true explanation of secession; but we are not clear that Mr. Munford expects such an inference to be drawn.

Maurice de Saxe, adventurer, soldier of fortune, royal bastard, avowed lover of Adrienne Lecouvreur and many others, is one of the shining figures of the wonderful eighteenth century. Having been brought into the world in total disregard of the ordinary observances in regard to marriage, he continued to go through life with a similar disregard for conventionalities. Although, perhaps, not equal to his father, Augustus the Strong, reputed by scandal and Carlyle to have been the father of three hundred and fifty-four bastards, Maurice still lived a life not devoid of affairs of the heart. As he left no memoirs, W. R. H. Trowbridge has undertaken to provide him with some, under the title "A Beau Sabreur, Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France: His Loves, His Laurels, and His Times, 1696-1750" (Brentano's). This supposititious autobiography, based on some historical study, is rather cleverly done. It is easier to recreate the eighteenth century atmosphere and to give a proper idea of Maurice's remarkable career by letting him tell his own story, much as in an historical novel, than would be possible in a more serious biography written in the third person. So he describes his extraordinary ancestors, his acts of bravado, his life in Paris, and his conquests over the fair sex. Incidentally, he repudiates the usually accepted statement that he persecuted Justine Favart with a *lettre de cachet*. Maurice was also a good deal of a soldier. Frederick the Great had the highest idea of his abilities. But with this side of his life—with his long campaigns and with the facts of political history—Mr. Trowbridge does not allow him to weary posterity.

It is doubtful if a more vexatious colonial problem confronts British statesmen to-day than that involved in the question of Asiatic immigration into the colonies. In recent years a widespread anti-Asiatic agitation has arisen, showing itself most clearly in the Transvaal; the opposition to Indian immigrants in British Columbia; the dispute between Japan and the United States concerning school regulation in San Francisco; the drastic anti-Asiatic legislation introduced in the Natal House of Assembly; the outcry in Jamaica against Chinese shopkeepers; and the hostility shown by Australia and New Zealand toward immigrants from China. An attempt is made to present a fair and impartial summary of the question by L. E. Neame in his small book entitled, "The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies" (London: Routledge & Sons). For Great Britain, the status of the Asiatic is an empire problem, according to Mr. Neame, because of the political changes of the last half-dozen years. It is rendered the more complicated by Britain's alliance with an Asiatic Power and by the fact "that millions of the Eastern races are British subjects and claim the privileges which the empire boasts it confers." The author maintains that the colonial attitude toward Asiatic immigration is in no way

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due to a lack of appreciation of Asiatic virtues, but is rather a testimonial to Asiatic capacity for attaining success. He aims to justify the policy adopted.

The German public must long ago have mastered the elementary data in Baedeker's United States, if it is educated up to a handbook on New York which devotes itself almost exclusively to the city's history and an interpretation of the city's life. The volume which Mrs. A. von Ende has contributed to the *Kunst* series, imported by Lemcke & Buechner of New York, is an admirable bit of work. We have nothingjust like it in English. Within 130 small pages Mrs. von Ende has brought together an extraordinary amount of information, and presented it with more than common charm and lucidity. The point of view is that of the sympathetic and philosophic foreigner. That will explain a certain distribution of light and shade which a native writer would hardly fall into. There is, for instance, the strong emphasis on Poe and Whitman, whose appeal to the European mind is traditional. In similar tone is the specific reference to our present school of radical publicists—single-taxers and Socialists—whom Europeans are apt to take as a more important factor in our politics than we regard them, and possibly with greater insight than we display. But as a matter of fact, all through her little book, Mrs. von Ende has laid stress on the social development of New York as affected by the appearance of new classes and new ethnic elements. As part of a series devoted to *Kunst* the present volume goes to proper pains to gather up all that can be said for our literature, our art, and our music since early colonial days.

Some of the information heretofore available chiefly to German students respecting the influence of Babylonian and Persian religions on the early development of Christianity is presented in popular form by Dr. Paul Carus in "The Pleroma: An Essay on the Origin of Christianity" (The Open Court Publishing Co.). The book is a sketch of the growth of the principal doctrines and usages of Christianity from the point of view of those who hold that the influence of Hebrew thought and usages upon Christianity has been grossly exaggerated, and that religious ideas current in the pagan world in the first centuries had far more to do with determining the character of the Christian faith than has been popularly imagined. Dr. Carus holds that Judaism "did not bear or bring forth Christianity, but that Christianity is, so to speak, a grandchild of ancient paganism, and the motherhood of Judaism is by adoption merely." He maintains that Paul was the founder of the Gentile church, and that he "took his building materials, not from the storehouses of the faith of his fathers, but from the wreckage of the destroyed temples of the Gentiles." Like Delitzsch, Winckler, Jeremias, and Gunkel, among the Germans, Dr. Carus calls attention to neglected factors in the origin of Christianity, but writers of this school are inclined to do less than justice to the continuity in moral spirit and religious attitude between the faith of the Hebrew prophets and that of the Christian apostles, and to forget the disparity between the religion of Paul and of Augustine, and the pagan cults, whose vocabularies and forms they undoubtedly employed to a greater extent than is commonly allowed.

Neither excellent paper nor handsome type has been spared in the making of Edward J. House's ornate volume, "A Hunter's Camp-Fires" (Harper & Bros.). It is a collection of hunting adventures in North America and Africa by a well-known sportsman, who goes about his task in an unpretentious, straightforward way. The extent of Mr. House's experience is seen by the fact that he describes the killing of nearly every important game animal from the walrus of Whale Sound to the equatorial elephant of Meru. If there be any particular charge to bring against the book, it is that all such issues as the scenic, the ethnographical, and the geographical are almost entirely subordinated to that of the chase itself, and that hence the volume contains an inordinate amount of killing. The charge will no doubt rest lightly on Mr. House's conscience, for he affirms that "the legitimate and sportsmanlike pursuit of big game has never required any apologies," and declares that he has found an element of excitement in hunting with a rifle that he has always missed when using the camera. And these records of his adventures bear sufficient witness to an habitual state of palpitation of the heart, for in at least three separate chapters he relates that, at the crucial moment, he had forgotten to throw a cartridge into his rifle-breech. This may be regarded more in the light of extreme frankness on the part of Mr. House than any especial carelessness, for few hunters of temperament in the course of so extensive a career would have defaulted less. Mr. House makes no pretence to elegance of diction, and perhaps no very exalted standard of literary criticism should be applied to books of this kind; but it may, nevertheless, be permitted to the reviewer even of a record of slaughter to regret a lack of feeling for the meaning and value of words. The book is well illustrated by eighty photographs made by the author. There is no index.

The work of issuing the Weimar edition of Goethe's "Werke" (Weimar: Hermann Böhlaus Nachfolger), is fast nearing completion. The three new volumes that have just appeared, XLIV, XLVII, and XLVIII of the "Briefe," edited by Max Hecker, Carl Schüddekopf, and Hans Gerhard Gräf, respectively, under the supervision of the editor-in-chief, Bernhard Suphan, complete the publication of the poet's letters down to the end of June, 1831. Vol. XLIX, edited by Hecker, and containing Goethe's last letters, is in press and will appear shortly. Schüddekopf is now working on Volume L, which is to comprise "Nachträge," and the final index. This concluding volume of the series is promised for the current year. Vol. V2 of the "Gedichte," so long awaited, is now in press and is to be issued at Easter. Julius Wahle, the editor, has finished this work, begun over twenty-two years ago by Gustav von Loeper, the earlier volumes of the poems having appeared in 1887, 1888, 1890, 1891, and 1893, respectively. The publication of these three remaining volumes will complete the monumental edition, with the exception of the index to the "Tagebücher," which students of Goethe will be glad to hear is now also well under way. The edition, when complete, will form a "stately row" of one hundred and thirty-six volumes. The three volumes just published contain 739 letters, of which 373 are for the most part new, as they have either never before been printed at all or only in part. In the critical apparatus are included forty-five more letters and notes, in the writing of which Goethe had some part, and thirty-three of these are now for the first time made accessible. Many of the new letters are, to be sure, of a purely business character, but a goodly number shed added light on matters of importance to the student of the poet's life and work. The total number of letters thus far published in this edition, including those in the "Lesarten," is 13,193, which will be increased by a few hundred when the last two volumes appear.

Instead of the volume of "Publications" issued annually by the Goethe Society of Weimar, as a quasi-Christmas gift, there was sent to each member last December a set of the so-called "Volksausgabe" of Goethe's works, edited by Erich Schmidt, with brief introductory notes, commentaries, and glossaries. The ruling spirits of the society have for some time been planning such an edition, in the hope that Goethe's popularity might not always be confined to the better educated and the rich. In order to achieve this end a liberal subsidy was paid to the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig to publish the popular edition and deliver complimentary sets to the society's members. Besides the 3,000 and more necessary for this purpose, an edition of 20,000 sets was put on the market at the low price of six marks for the six volumes, bound, and, to the happy surprise of those who fathered the plan, the edition was soon exhausted. The editor's introduction of twenty-eight pages gives an outline of the poet's life, not a simple, popular narrative, as might, perhaps, have been expected, but a succinct statement of the salient facts, liberally interspersed with bits of authoritative advice intended to keep the neophytes from being led astray by skeptics and scandal-mongers.

Prof. George T. Flom has contributed an historical and bibliographical introduction and notes, to a new school edition of Esaias Tegnér's "Frithiofs Saga" (Chicago: Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Co.). The list of translations of the poem is based on the bibliography by Elof Tegnér in Vol. VII of the large 1885 edition of Tegnér's "Samlade skrifter," and Mr. Flom has added the titles of those that have appeared since. The text is accompanied by illustrations reproduced from August Malmström's and Knut Ekvall's originals. The former are excellent in historical and archæological details as well as artistically; the latter might well have been omitted.

In the Semitic Study Series, edited by Professors Gottheil of Columbia University and Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, two new numbers, xi and xii, have appeared (G. E. Stechert & Co.): the "Mishnah Treatise Sanhedrin," edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by Prof. Samuel Krauss of the Israelite Theological School of Vienna, and "Selections from the Arabic Writings of Maimonides," edited, with introduction and notes, by Prof. Israel Friedländer of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York.

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These numbers maintain the excellent standard of their predecessors, and, like them, will be very serviceable to college students and others who are unable to get access to larger works or need guidance in the study of peculiar idioms. The selections are judicious. "Sanhedrin" is an important legal and ethical tract, and, though the Arabic writings of Maimonides have been translated into Hebrew, the student should know the original; for the guidance of the beginner a table of the Hebrew letters used in writing Arabic is given, and there is a list of the differences between classic Arabic and the Arabic of Maimonides, which, as Dr. Friedländer points out, was not a distinctively Jewish form, but the common dialect of the time (the twelfth century), the *koinē*. employed some times, though rarely, by good Arabic authors. The two editors of these numbers are authorities in their respective subjects and have done their work carefully. The proofreading is remarkably good, considering the fact that the editors were at great distances from the place of printing (Leiden).

Arthur Munby, an English poet, whose "Dorothy: a Country Story," in elegiac verse, was republished in this country soon after its appearance in England in 1881, died last month at the age of eighty-one. He had also published "Vulgar Verses," intended to be verses of common life, under the pseudonym of "Jones Brown"; "Susan," "Ann Morgan's Love," "Poems, Chiefly Lyric and Elegiac," and, last year, "Relicta." He was one of the competitors for the prize offered in 1859 by the Crystal Palace Company for a poem on the Burns centenary, and his contribution was considered one of the best offered.

The Right Rev. John Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh, died January 29, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was the eldest brother of Prof. Edward Dowden, and had served as Donnellan lecturer and select preacher at Dublin University, and as Pantonian professor of theology at Edinburgh University. He had edited "Correspondence of the Louderdale Family, with Archbishop Sharp," and had published "History of the Celtic Church in Scotland," and "History of the Theological Literature of the Church of England."

Franz Rittweger, the German author and journalist, died recently at Frankfort, at the age of eighty-one. He at one time edited a paper in New York, and thereafter was on the staff of the Frankfurter *Zeitung*. His publications include "Aktenstücke zur neusten Geschichte Frankfurts," and "Frankfurt am Main im Jahre, 1848."

Science.

A History of Botany, 1860-1900 By J. Reynolds Green, F.R.S. New York: Henry Frowde. $3.15.

This "History of Botany" is a continuation of the work by Professor Sachs, which covered the period from 1530 to 1860. It is interesting to note that the two volumes are of approximately the same size, although one treats of a period of above three hundred years, and the other one of only forty. But that is the ratio which prevails in many other fields of scientific activity, and indicates the rapidity of progress in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Professor Green has wisely followed the method pursued by Sachs in grouping the special subjects involved in botanical advance under separate headings: as Morphology, the Anatomy of Plants, and their Physiology. As to the general introduction, it is a masterly presentation of a difficult matter. To give in forty pages an impartial account of the main features which characterize the steady progress of the science demands the exercise of a judicial mind familiar with all the evidence. It is not easy to apportion the credit due to this investigation and to that, especially when the investigators belong to different nations. The author justly assigns to Sachs and to Darwin the honor of having by their own stimulating work and by that of their immediate followers, caused the greater part of the marked progress during the forty years under consideration.

Some of the chief matters which are emphasized in the main body of the book are the following: (1) The great impulse given to morphology in its widest sense by the theory of descent and by a more scientific study of fossil forms; (2) the replacement of certain convenient dogmas by a statement of actual conditions in development; (3) the vast advance in all branches of plant physiology. It is not likely that any botanist will agree with all that Professor Green has stated in regard to these subjects, but it must be confessed by all that in general he has been impartial. Professor Green refers to Campbell, Farlow, Ganong, Jeffrey, and Webber, noting the substantial contributions which each one of these American botanists has made to the science. Points which will strike the reader most forcibly when comparing this volume with its predecessor are these: (1) The great increase in botanical activity in England, during the period treated of, and (2) the comparative silence with which important work in systematic botany is passed over. And, furthermore, œcology, which is practically physiology in a wide sense applied to systematic and geographical botany, as explanatory of adaptations, does not receive quite its due. But, on the whole, the treatise can be heartily recommended as well-balanced and trustworthy.

The "Text-Book of Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses" (Macmillan) is the third edition of the book compiled by Diana C. Kimber and first published fifteen years ago. This edition professes to have been completely revised by Carolyn E. Gray of the New York City Training School for Nurses. The revision might well have been carried much further, for many fundamental facts of physiological interest are neglected or quite inadequately stated. Completely neglected, for example, are foods and diet, although the digestive processes are perhaps sufficiently described. On the anatomical side, there is almost too abundant, although uneven, material with very numerous illustrations well reproduced from good sources. The book seems to assume that all nurses are women and nurse only their own sex. There is a liberal glossary, which contains many surprises.

We have often wondered what use color-blind lovers of flowers can make of the numerous handy little guides to plant names in which the species are arranged according to the solar spectrum. For those with normal vision the scheme works well, and to such persons the handy little book, with the amazing title, "Who's Who Among the Wild Flowers" (Moffat, Yard), will prove useful and interesting. The author, W. I. Beecroft, has given sketches of almost two hundred common plants of the Eastern United States, and short descriptions of many more. Here and there, blank pages or parts of pages are left for notes to be made on the spot when one is collecting the plants, and this hint as to the utility of fresh notes ought to be taken by every user of the book. Descriptive notes, carefully made at the time of collecting plants, have much value, especially in these days when more attention than ever before is paid to slight differences of form and surface. The volumes of contemporary biography entitled "Who's Who" are compiled largely from material furnished by the people written about. The present volume, on the contrary, gives its sketches without much assistance from the subjects described. It is strongly to be hoped that the amateurs who use this convenient manual will try to see what the plants described have to say for themselves. The author has shown excellent judgment in the selection of non-technical terms; the book is, even for the merest beginner, very easy reading, and the author has wisely chosen a conventional and international, and not a provincial, system of nomenclature for the scientific names of the species.

Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman and her husband describe, in the *Geographical Journal* for February, their sixth expedition to the Himalayas. This was to explore the Hispar glacier, which in extent, complexity, and grandeur exceeded every other ice expanse they had seen. Especially interesting were the snow columns, called *nieve penitentes*, of which pictures are given, as well as of a camp at an altitude of 19,100 feet, and a peak 21,350 feet high with Mrs. Workman on the summit. This number also contains the paper on the "Cycle of Mountain Glaciation" read by Prof. W. H. Hobbs of the University of Michigan at the last meeting of the British Association, with maps and reproductions of photographs.

The second volume of the "Missions au Sahara" (Paris: Librairie A. Colin), by R. Chudeau, treats of the region between the Niger and Lake Chad, the physical conditions, fauna, flora, the life of the natives, and the commerce of all the Sahara. The investigations seem to show that the old idea that the desert was encroaching on the fertile land is incorrect. There are extensive districts which were formerly sand wastes but are now covered with vegetation.

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The little volume, "A History of the Oxford Museum" (Henry Frowde), by H. M. Vernon and K. Dorothea Vernon, is more than its name implies, being a brief history of the fates of natural science at the most conservative of universities. For the century and a half after Bacon Oxford kept her theological skirts clean by the simple expedient of appointing, when possible, to the chairs of science incumbents who had none of the dangerous qualifications. As late as Acland's time, in the middle of the last century, the lectures were closely censored. Dr. Kidd, "after examining some delicate morphological preparation", declared, first, "that he did not believe it, and, secondly, that if it were true he did not think God meant us to know it." The demonstrations were ordered stopped on the ground that the professorship called only for lectures. At last the Museum rose under the patronage of Ruskin, being the finest Gothic design of the talented Woodward. Here a lover of symbolism might like to see an architectural expression of that keen idealism which for two centuries had maintained the feeble spark of science in chilling surroundings. The description of the building of the Museum is very interesting, and there are precious anecdotes of the eccentric stone-cutter, O'Shea, to whom some of the best decoration is due. When this fine structure was nearly up the university seriously proposed that, in order to save expense, the curator should be of the grade of a college butler. The tide may be said to have turned at the university in 1860, when Huxley, in the Museum library, made his monumental retort to Wilberforce's burlesque of the evolutionary theory.

The liberal spirit of the present régime in Turkey is shown by the interest in archæological research. The first thorough exploration of the famous church of St. John of the Studium is being made by the Russian Archæological Society, which is bringing to light the remains of ancient buildings, one of which is thought to be a temple of classical times, as well as sculptured stones, bas-reliefs, and ancient tombs. An English archæologist is investigating the church of St. Irene, hitherto so difficult of access, and the remains of the Byzantine palaces on the Marmora are also to be submitted to his research. This modern spirit is shown, too, by the magnificent recent additions to the Museum galleries and the care with which its treasures are guarded.

John Ferry, an ornithologist connected with the Field Museum at Chicago, died in that city on February 11. He was born in 1877, graduated at Yale in 1901, and had served on the United States Biological Survey and as a collector for the Smithsonian Institution.

Sir Charles Todd, who had been government astronomer for South Australia for more than thirty years, died last month at Adelaide. He was born in 1826, and had served at the Royal University and the Cambridge University. Since 1861 he had been in charge of the Adelaide Observatory, where he had made many valuable astronomical observations.

William Hillhouse, until recently professor of botany at Birmingham University, died recently at the age of fifty-five. He was a co-founder of the Bedford Natural History Society, and of the *Cambridge Review*, and had published (with Strassburger) a "Practical Botany."

Prof. August Meitzen, the German statistician and economist, died recently in Berlin at the age of eighty-six. He became professor of political economy in Berlin University in 1875, and had published "Geschichte, Theorie, und Technik der Statistik," "Internationale land-und forstwirtschaftliche Statistik," and "Siedelung und Agrarwesen der Westgermanen und Ostgermanen, der Kelten, Römer, Finen und Seawen."

Drama.

IBSEN'S LITERARY REMAINS.

The literary remains of Henrik Ibsen have appeared simultaneously at Copenhagen and Berlin, making three bulky volumes in the original language and four slightly smaller ones in the German version. The total number of pages in the Norwegian-Danish edition runs up to 1553, and yet this represents only a part of the voluminous deposit of notes, drafts, corrected manuscripts, and parallel versions, now owned by the Christiania University. The editing has been done with laudable discernment by Dr. Halvdan Koht of Christiania and Dr. Julius Elias of Berlin, both of whom are already well known to Ibsen lovers through their editing of his letters. Their personal contribution to the present work includes an excellent analysis of Ibsen's working methods and a series of biographical and bibliographical notes that must prove highly valuable to all future students of the Norwegian dramatist's work and life. Besides the 122 pages of preface and introduction, the first volume contains about ninety poems, most of which made their first—and hitherto only—appearance in Scandinavian newspapers during the fifties and sixties; a considerable number also of articles, reviews, speeches, prose sketches, notes, and aphorisms; two separate versions of his early play, "Olaf Liljekrans," one of which was meant to serve as liberetto for an opera; the fragment of a prose version of "Love's Comedy," already known under the name of "Svanhild"; a couple of chapters of a novel that was never finished, and one complete, hitherto unpublished, play, "St. John's Eve." The second volume opens with the so-called "Epic Brand," previously published in a separate volume under the editorship of Karl Larsen. The rest of this volume and the third contain extensive notes, sketches, variants, corrections, and "working manuscripts," for all the later plays, from "Peer Gynt" to "When We Dead Awaken."

The bulk and scope of the material thus given to the world make it very hard to form any exact estimate of its quality. Even at a glance, however, it seems evident that these volumes fail to offer a great deal that can be of interest to the general reading public. Throughout, their value is psychological rather than literary. As documents revealing the workings of a master-mind they hold a high position; but the actual novelties which they bring are little more than literary curiosities. This applies, for instance, to "St. John's Eve." This romantic prose comedy in three acts, written in 1852 for the Bergen Theatre and performed there twice, is strikingly characteristic of that period, just after the production of his firstling, "Catiline," when the young Ibsen had neither found a form for himself nor discovered his own particular genius. In other words, the play is as little Ibsenesque as it could possibly be. Its sole interest lies in the fact that it shows Ibsen striving to write in prose at a much earlier time than we heretofore suspected. What has just been said of this play applies also to all but a very few of the poems. They are youthful, immature, and lacking in everything but a certain facility of language that always belonged to Ibsen when he expressed himself in verse. A conspicuous exception is formed by some verses written as late as 1871 and entitled "Judas." They may be translated as follows:

Among the disciples he stood apart—
Might surely be called twelfth wheel on the cart.

The motive is unknown, that prompted his act,
For history nothing records but the fact.

We know that, with conscience nodding, he went
And kissed the Saviour—as it was meant.

Both for heaven and hell thus his mission was filled,
But what if Judas had otherwise willed?

Here we have the germ of that mighty double drama, "Emperor and Galilean," which Ibsen to the very last proclaimed his greatest work. And here we have, too, a laconic summary of the problem that overshadowed all others in his mind during the entire first half of his fifty years of playwrighting: the problem concerning the relation of the individual human will to that world-will which Ibsen found manifest in every phase and form of existence. And among the notes for "Emperor and Galilean" we find this one: "When the world spirit can find no more souls to tempt and lead astray—then the judgment day has arrived." It is, of course, impossible to look through these volumes without being deeply impressed with the painstaking way in which Ibsen worked, the careful attention he gave to the minutest details, and his habit of trying out the same idea over and over again until, at last, he succeeded in getting at its innermost essence.

Except for the opportunities which it af-

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fords Madame Kalich, the reasons for the production of "The Witch" at the New Theatre are somewhat obscure. The piece has no particular merit as literature or drama, is not valuable as historical reminiscence or illustration, is unpleasant in subject and depressing as entertainment. It is an adaptation by Hermann Hagedorn from a play by H. Wiers-Jenssen, a Scandinavian dramatist, and the scene is transferred from Denmark to Salem, Mass., the action and personages, it is said, being as appropriate to one country as the other. This can readily be believed, as, with one exception, the incidents and characters are entirely conventional. The real dramatic interest centres around the progress of an illicit love story, to which the witchcraft episodes are largely subservient. Joan, the heroine, a girl of Portuguese descent, has been married for nearly a decade to Absalom Hathorne, an old minister—an ex-witch-hunter—who neglects her. She is sullenly eating her heart out, when her stepson, Gabriel, a youth of her own age, returns home. For him she conceives an overmastering passion, and soon—having heard that her mother was a witch—begins to test her own abnormal powers, practising on her lover and her husband. Having become Gabriel's mistress, she confesses her infidelity to Absalom, in a moment of reckless exultation, and tells him that she wishes he were dead. Whereupon, stricken with heart disease, he expires at her feet. She and Gabriel plan to hush the matter up, but the dead man's mother denounces Joan, proclaiming her a witch and murderess, and demanding that she be tried by the ordeal of touch. In the presence of her husband's corpse the wretched woman collapses, and, in a state of semi-stupefaction, confesses to the truth of everything alleged against her. The implication is that she will be hanged in due course. The whole story is melodrama, without much originality or any distinction, except in the case of Joan, who, in the hands of Bertha Kalich, becomes a significant and tragic, if often unintelligible, figure. Her psychology is incomprehensible. It is impossible to decide whether the author meant her to be regarded as actually possessed, the victim of hysterical or insane delusion, or simply conscienceless and lewd. But the theatrical opportunities in her are large, and Madame Kalich makes very full—possibly, too full—use of them. The ignoble passions—hate, suspicion, abject fear, and low desire—have seldom been depicted more vividly. But her Joan is a thing apart from the play itself, which maintains a very low level when she is off the stage.

Edmund Gosse, in a letter to the London *Times*, says: "As all the biographies repeat, Henrik Ibsen lived in an apothecary's house at Grimstad from 1844 to 1850, from his sixteenth to his twenty-second year. . . . A national movement is now being made in Norway to purchase it, and to fill it with memorials and biographical objects—to make an Ibsen House, in fact, which shall be to Norwegians all that the Goethe House in Frankfort is to Germans."

There is said to be a possibility that Miss Anglin may abandon—temporarily, at any rate—the emotional drama with which she has been associated for so long.

The annual Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon will this year occupy nearly four weeks. For the twenty-second time the performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. The festival will be opened by Sir Herbert Tree, with a performance of "Hamlet," given in curtains. Among other artists taking part in the festival will be Miss Geneviève Ward, who will appear as Volumnia and Queen Margaret. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh have promised to appear as Benedick and Beatrice, Otho Stuart as Clarence and Bassanio, Henry Ainley as Marc Antony, Lewis Waller and Miss Winifred Emery as Benedick and Beatrice, James Carew and Miss Ellen Terry as Shylock and Portia.

The reported failure in London of "The Strong People," C. M. S. McLellan's latest play, may be accounted for in more than one way. Apparently it is a vigorous and serious piece of work, but the improbability of the plot and the fact that the scenes and the conditions depicted are American may have had a good deal to do with the cool reception.

It seems pretty plain from the criticisms in the London press that Comyns Carr, in his dramatization of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," has missed the point of it as completely—and vulgarized it as remorselessly—as any of the preceding adapters. It is pretty plain, also, that H. B. Irving, in his dual embodiment, has paid more attention to the clumsier melodramatic possibilities than the finer spiritual significance of the story.

Music.

Musicology. By Maurice S. Logan. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

The Nature of Music. By Julius Klauser. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Musicology" is a word coined by Mr. Logan to designate the science of music. His book is accompanied by a circular which contains the statement that "until now no one has produced a book teaching solely the science of music." As a matter of fact, there are dozens of books on the theory and philosophy of this art. Mr. Logan's, however, is more comprehensive than most of the others. It deals with rhythm, expression, keys, intervals, chords, progressions, modulations, counterpoint, acoustics, sources of musical sound, the ancient Greek modes, temperament, etc. Expression, the most important of all the aspects of the art, is treated much too briefly, although the author includes under that head embellishments, which are usually the negation of expression. As a convenient compendium for advanced students his book may be commended. It is rather Utopian on his part, however, to expect it to be used in schools. He holds that music should be studied as a science wherever instruction is given; that every child should be taught its fundamental principles, whether or not he is to be a singer or a player; and that as a means of developing the mind, and rounding out education, musicology is as much entitled to a place as any other "ology." This may be true, but school children are already overburdened with subjects, and the little time given to music in the public schools should be devoted to it as an art, with just enough of the science to make it understandable.

Music as a science is also the subject of Julius Klauser's book, but he treats of a few aspects only, and presents some startlingly novel theories and views. As the aim of contemporary musicians like Debussy and Strauss seems to be to subvert all the established laws of composition, so Mr. Klauser starts out by contradicting the fundamental tenets of the musical historians—particularly the tenet that melody antedates harmony by unknown ages, and that harmony was discovered and introduced only a few centuries ago. On the contrary, it is here maintained that "harmony is and from the beginning always has been an element of melody." The author denies that the chord is, as everybody believes, the original form of musical harmony. To the establishment of these theses he devotes nearly three hundred pages. Whether he succeeds in proving them, we are unable to say, the reasoning being often too deep for our comprehension. Had Mr. Klauser lived to revise these chapters, it might have been otherwise. As it is, it seems likely that the chief value of the volume will remain the appendix, which notates the songs of eighty-six different birds.

Organists will be interested in the arrangement for their instrument of the dirge from MacDowell's Indian Suite, just published by Breitkopf & Härtel. It was made by W. H. Humiston.

The manuscript of three songs of Walter von der Vogelweide, has recently been discovered in the archives of Münster. The music is being reduced to modern notation.

A Munich bookseller is offering for sale the manuscript of Wagner's early and unfinished opera, "Die Hochzeit." The price asked is $5,000. The manuscript is inscribed, "fragment of an unfinished opera, 'Die Hochzeit,' by Richard Wagner. Dedicated to the Musical Society of Würzburg." It is dated "Würzburg, 1st March, 1833."

Since Sir Edward Elgar's symphony was first heard at Manchester, on December 3, 1908, under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter, no fewer than eighty-four performances of the work have been given. Seventeen of these were in London and suburbs, ten in America, and eight on the Continent—Berlin, Vienna, Munich, St. Petersburg, Leipzig, Budapest, Bonn, and Rome. The symphony has also been heard in Canada, at Toronto, and in Australia, at Sydney and Adelaide.

Last summer Prof. Fritz Stein of the University of Jena unearthed from its archives what he believes to be an unknown early symphony by Beethoven. It was in the form of manuscript parts for strings, flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and drum. The find-

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er's attention was first directed to it by noticing that the score for the second fiddles was inscribed "Louis van Beethoven," and that for the 'cellos "Symphony by Bethoven" (*sic*).

Art.

The Chicago Art Institute announces an endowment by Mrs. Potter Palmer, from which will be awarded annually a prize of $1,000 for the most acceptable work in sculpture or painting executed by an American.

Professor Garstang, who is excavating in Egypt, has discovered on the site of the ancient Meroe a sun temple by Egamenes, mentioned by Diodorus. The structure is of great interest, and shows Greek influence. The building, which also includes a sanctuary lined with enamelled tiles, contains sculptures representing King Egamenes's victories and a triumphal procession. A list of the tribes in the districts of the southern Sudan is also given. Further excavations were made on the site of the temple of Ammon at Meroe which show that the building was restored by Neteg Ammon. Many inscriptions and statues were found.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have decided to reserve the large central room, used during the recent Hudson-Fulton exhibition, for temporary exhibitions, chiefly of loans. These exhibitions will begin with one of Whistler's works, which is to open about March 15. Only Whistler's oil paintings and pastels will be shown; neither blacks and whites nor water-colors will be admitted. On this account, the exhibition will not be so large as that held some years ago in Boston, or as the London memorial exhibition, but it will be larger than any collection of the artist's works ever brought together in this city. Charles L. Freer of Detroit has promised to lend his collection of Whistler's work, the largest in existence, all the paintings that the museum will need to fill up the room after it has collected from other sources—a most generous and public-spirited offer. Richard Canfield will lend Count Robert de Montesquiou, the Parisian poet, the Rosa Corder, the Ocean, La Napolitaine, and the seven pastels that make up the celebrated Venetian series. Frank J. Hecker of Detroit will contribute the famous Music Room; Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, the Falling Rocket, which brought about the quarrel and law suit with Ruskin; J. H. Whittemore, L'Andalusienne and the White Girl; John G. Johnson of Philadelphia, Lange Leizen; the Boston Museum, Little Rose of Lyme Regis and the Master Smith of Lyme Regis, and the Brooklyn Museum, the portrait of Florence Leyland. Miss Birnie-Philips, the executrix of Whistler, has also promised to send two pictures from London. On Monday, February 21, the museum will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its incorporation by holding the annual meeting of the corporation at four o'clock in the afternoon in the Bishop Jade room. Joseph H. Choate, the last surviving member of the original board of trustees, will address the meeting, to which the public will be admitted.

A great improvement has been made in the room where are the Boscoreale frescoes, which were acquired in 1903. A small extension has been built out of the gallery, just large enough to hold the frescoes of the cubiculum which used to occupy the centre of the gallery. Care was taken to copy as near as possible the original room, of which photographs were taken before the frescoes were removed. An exquisite little flying Eros in bronze, belonging to J. Pierpont Morgan, also found at Boscoreale, has been placed on a table, discovered at the same place, in the centre of the cubiculum. The larger frescoes from Boscoreale are now seen to much better advantage in the gallery. The glass has been removed from them, and they have been cleaned. It is proposed, now that the cubiculum has been removed, to devote the whole floor space to Greek sculpture, and some remarkable specimens, recently acquired, have been placed there. One is a crouching Venus, a fine version of the type of which the statue in the Louvre is the most famous copy. A Greek lion, similar to the Nereid lion in the British Museum; a fragmentary statue of a seated Philosopher, remarkably fine in the treatment of the drapery, and signed with the name of the sculptor, Zeuxis; a charming female torso, and a Roman portrait bust of a young man, in an almost perfect state of preservation, are among the acquisitions in statuary. A very interesting addition to the museum's treasures is a large water jar, with plates, cups, and jugs of terra-cotta, covered with a black glaze, probably a dinner service, belonging to the third century B. C., which were found together in a grave. One of the most important of the more modern accessions is a Virgin and child in polychrome, the work of Verrocchio. It has its original coloring, and from its style must be dated before 1470—an exquisite work. A fine bronze of Hercules slaying a lion, ascribed to Bertoldo, and a Paduan inkstand with bird caryatids also deserve notice. Edward G. Kennedy has presented the museum with a small portrait study of himself by Whistler, and in memory of William Mackay Laffan, who rendered so much service to the museum, when he was one of its trustees, Thomas F. Ryan has given it a group of Pygmalion and Galatea, by Rodin.

To open his new galleries at No. 550 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Montross has arranged an exhibition chiefly retrospective and, since all the pictures are lent, devoid of commercial implication. It is reassuring, of course, to meet those tried and favorite champions of establishment, Dewing and Tryon, in pictures which one already knows—pictures many of which are in their degree famous. All but three of this group, which come from the collection of Col. Frank J. Hecker, form part of that notable collection which Mr. Charles W. Freer has dedicated to the nation. Both Dewing and Tryon have in an unusual measure the sense of tone and arrangement. Tryon at times commands a rare poetic sentiment, and Dewing has a lovely quality of paint. These merits, being pretty rare to-day, have brought their possessers critical and even popular acclaim, and it becomes a species of blasphemy to scrutinize their work with the usual critical caution. If that bold attitude were to be taken it would possibly appear that these two painters have rather more than a due portion of the defects of their qualities. Both are inclined to sacrifice significant structure to special iridescence or stylistic partipris. Mr. Tryon's gift is more robust, and his work more open-hearted, but his tendency, possibly because his admirers have hailed his least substantial work, is, for the sake of tone and mood, to go into a kind of structural liquidation. The three Whistlers shown here, one the famous Variations in Pink and Gray, Chelsea, and two sketches—all representing him quite in his most rarefied mood—have amazing steadiness. One can move about in them. They are painted in a kind of divine prose which makes about half the Tryons suggest a psuedo-poetry.

Abbott Thayer is too rarely seen in New York. Maybe he is alien to it, and holds aloof from a sense of fitness. In any case there is a refreshing absence of the stereotyped about him. He plays his own game. Monadnock in Winter is, or ought to be, a very famous picture. It is amazing how so large and finely-balanced a thing can be done so simply. It seems as if a house-painter could have painted it, if he could have seen it. There, of course, lies the art. Just a strip of keen pale blue, white mamelons, seen loftily over the tops of tall evergreens, which imprison the deeper sapphire emanation of a snow that is aquamarine in the foreground—that's all there is of it; but that's enough to convey the majesty of the forest, and the mountain, and a sense of cerulean depths beyond. It is rendered in big symbolic strokes, quite as a child or a giant might, have done it. Beside it hang two portraits which look as if our child-giant had been deprived of honest paint and supplied with putty and refractory brushes. The mystery of Thayer is in this group of three pictures—his occasional triumphs, his frequent inadequacies. To account for him will puzzle the future critic.

The most notable article in the *Burlington Magazine* for January is Sidney Colvin's report on an album of sketches by Tintoretto recently acquired by the British Museum. There are nearly one hundred designs, mostly executed with the brush in the freest manner. This find quite contradicts the tradition that Tintoretto painted his great compositions without previous study. These drawings are of the highest artistic importance, and it is good news that the album is to be reproduced. The frontispiece of this number is the profile portrait of a lad in the Gustave Dreyfus collection, which, after figuring as a Lorenzo di Credi and Alvise Vivarini, is now shown by Claude Phillips to be by Jacopo Bellini. It is the only portrait we have from his hand, and it is hoped that its identification may lead to the discovery of other portraits which are recorded but gone astray. R. L. Hobson's valuable articles on "Wares of the Sung and Yuan Dynasties" reach the sixth instalment. Of timely note is an article on Cézanne by Maurice Denis, the first of a series. Kenyon Cox continues his survey of the pictures of the Hudson-Fulton exhibition with appreciations of the Halses and Vermeers. In our opinion, he does not quite do justice to the exquisiteness of that early picture, A Girl Sleeping. It seems to us not inferior to the later works, but merely different, being more traditional

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and Rembrandtesque. Mr. Cox's observations on the chronology of Vermeer are interesting and doubtless will be provocative of discussion.

We have received a "Guide to the Celtic Antiquities of the Christian Period preserved in the National Museum, Dublin," by George Coffey, keeper in the museum and curator of the Royal Irish Academy Collection. This little handbook, with its 18 plates and 94 smaller cuts, is more than its title implies. Together with its descriptive list of objects, including such extraordinary pieces of metal work as the Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, and the Shrine for St. Patrick's Bell, it presents a general discussion of the disputed question of Celtic ornament. Mr. Coffey arrives at the conclusion that both the simpler ornament of the La Tène style and the interlacing bands of the finest period are drawn from Eastern sources, but promptly developed in directions essentially Celtic. In fact, the persisting glamour of the Empire, meaning Byzantium, is accountable for pretty much all the early approaches to civilization made by the Northern Celts and Teutons. But these Barbarians borrowed in the spirit of conquerors. As for the interlacing band ornament, the cuts in Mr. Coffey's guide have sent your reviewer to a small Coptic diptych of ancient but uncertain date in which the painted cover design is in elaborateness if not in fineness a true counterpart of the panels in the Book of Kells. Byzantium imposed herself everywhere. Whence she herself drew her forms is a larger matter, and at this point irrelevant. The indigenous Celtic art was that of enamelling, of which we have abundant traces but few complete examples. Apparently this beautiful art was transmitted to the Romans, only to perish among its originators. The later mediæval objects in the Dublin Museum are the product of Limoges furnaces. What Mr. Coffey says about the general qualities of fine Celtic design is excellent and calculated to enlighten those who see only its complex ingenuity. He writes:

> The swing and life of the curves, and the perfection of their quickening as they approach completion or run to a spiral, give them a feeling of life comparable to skating, coupled with a fineness and sureness of line which endow them with a rare perfection.

We wish these words might be nailed up in a hundred shops where "Celtic ornament" is being listlessly produced. This little book, of which we have merely suggested the interest, is published by Hodges, Figgis & Co. of Dublin, and Williams & Norgate of London, at the small price of one shilling and sixpence.

"Venice and Her Treasures," by Hugh A. Douglas (Scribner), is a pocket guide which is distinguished from its predecessors merely by the number and sharpness of its cuts and by Maud Crutwell's notes on the pictures. Otherwise it is much what such a work has to be. Its chief defect is in failing to emphasize the best of the later paintings. For example, the remarkable drawings by Tiepolo in the Correr Museum are not mentioned, while the School of the Carmine is recorded as an excellent barock structure with no hint that it contains some of the finest Tiepolos. It should seem that a special guide should be at least as comprehensive as Baedeker. In the list of painters the dates of Antonello da Messina are erroneously given as 1444-1493. For several years it has been known that the right dates are 1430-1479. More justifiably no hint is given that the year of Titian's birth is disputed. The average tourist needs to be told that the bronze Descent from the Cross in the Carmine is of the fifteenth century. The great Last Judgment, a mosaic, in the Cathedral of Torcello, is described as a "fresco." While the lists of artists, doges, saints and their symbols are convenient, on the whole the *raison d'être* of such a book seems to be that there are so many tourists that some will certainly buy it. At a dollar and a half they will get a fair money's worth.

Unusual qualities of concreteness, sympathy, and sobriety are shown in G. Hermine Marius's "Dutch Painting in the Nineteenth Century" (London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.). The rather dreary stretch before the appearance of Jongkind is enlivened by the discovery of survivals from the old tradition. Indeed, though varying greatly in quality, the painting of Holland has been singularly consistent in themes and ideals. The various classicisms and romanticisms have hardly affected its serene and sometimes stolid course. The chapters on the painters of a half-century and more ago, while reviving in the Bilderses and others a few interesting personalities, are on the whole, of local interest. A. G. Bilderses, as is proved by a fine observation quoted on p. 84, was in theory far in advance of his times. For most of us the appeal of the book begins with Bosboom, the master of lofty interiors, Josef Israels and the Marises. It is not to be expected that a Hollander should treat Israels with reservations. To many foreigners the sentimental substratum of much of his art will cause misgivings. With the Marises—the superb construction and arrangement of Jacob, the silvery luminosity of Willem, the mysterious fairy land of Matthys—we are on firm ground. Everything that is said about them is admirable. One misses only some brief account of the peculiarities of Dutch water-color painting, which has greatly influenced modern practice. Except for the impassioned symbolist Van Gogh, the ultra-modern movement in Holland seems rather a pale reflection of French eccentricities. The etcher, Gravesande, in spite of his inequalities, deserves something more than casual mention. It is premature to express an opinion concerning the Dutch revival. Some of the stronger men are still living and developing. In general the movement seems to run along rather narrow traditional lines, and here perhaps may lie its strength. We cordially recommend this genial and informing book. It has 131 good illustrations. The translation by Alexander Texeira de Mattos reads like an original. On p. 114 is an ugly misprint of the name Swinburne, otherwise the proofreading is worthy of the good typography.

From Jacques Reich of this city we have received an etched portrait of John Marshall in the same style as the other portraits in his series of Famous Americans. The painting followed is that by Chester Harding, and represents Marshall as a younger man than he appears in the better-known painting by Innes. It is an excellent presentment of the great Chief Justice, and well worthy of framing.

A revised and enlarged edition of "Windows: A Book about Stained and Painted Glass," by Lewis F. Day, is imported by the Scribners. Like the two earlier editions, the scope of this handbook is technical and historical. It abounds in diagrams, detail drawings, and photographic cuts of famous windows, and the writer incidentally sets forth principles on the laws of the craft. In what he says of the glass of the best periods a criticism of much modern designing is implied. We think it would have been useful to make that criticism quite explicit, and in particular to weigh in the balance the much admired archæistic glass of the Holliday firm. What is said of John La Farge's glass is inadequate, and suggests that Mr. Day has not seen many good examples. It is quite beside the mark to find in the accidental nodosities of ancient glass the precedent for the purposeful manipulation of American pot metal. Whatever may or may not be the merits of La Farge's procedures, their essential originality will be evident to any one who will give them fair scrutiny. Mr. Day's manner is easy and picturesque, and his general ideas about design eminently scund. This new edition of a book that has already proved its usefulness is welcome.

Alfred Charles Whitman, for many years departmental clerk and superintendent in the students' room in the department of prints at the British Museum, died on February 2, at the age of forty-nine. He had published "Masters of Mezzotint," "Valentine Green, Engraver," "S. W. Reynolds, Engraver," "Samuel Cousins, Engraver," "Charles Turner, Engraver," 1907.

The death is announced of Eugène Thirion, a popular French painter, at the age of seventy. He studied under Picot, Fromentin, and Cabanel. His Les Nuits de Musset is at the Luxembourg, and his Le Lévite d'Epraïm Moudissant la Ville de Gaabe at Perpignan. He also supplied a panel, L'Histoire, for the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris.

Finance.

ILLUSIONS OF THE DAY.

The sharp recovery in prices this week—running to 5⅜ points in Union Pacific, as compared with the week's lowest, to 7½ in Reading, to 4½ in Steel common, and to 6⅞ in Amalgamated Copper—was nothing very surprising, when the violence of the preceding decline was kept in mind. Nevertheless, to those of the simple outside public who had been led to believe that the "attitude of Washington" was at the bottom of the break in prices, the fact of a favorable turn in the market may possibly have seemed curious. But the one thing which Wall Street does not expect to have asked from it is consistency. There are times when Wall Street embraces a fixed idea, and accepts it as the explanation of everything that happens in a market; but it is perfectly capable of rejecting the same idea overnight, and

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of laughing, next day, at any one who revives it. The great majority of thinking people, in the financial community, are perfectly well aware of the absurdity of the "Washington argument" as a primary explanation of the break in stocks. Nevertheless, they point to somebody —often a personage of importance or of seemingly unbiassed attitude—who holds that idea, and therefore has been selling stocks.

But how do they know that this was the reason why the man in question sold his stocks? The man himself said so, we are told, and believed it. This would be convincing, anywhere but in Wall Street; but in Wall Street, strange as the statement may appear, it is not convincing at all. The experiences of many years bear witness that, when sagacious investors have realized through their subtle and usually correct instinct that prices were too high, or have bought because prices impressed them as low, they will, later on, attribute their action to events which occurred after their decision, and which subsequent history proved to have no real bearing on the market. The "election boom" of November, 1908, illustrated this. It is doubtful if any sensible financier bought stocks because Taft had been elected; indeed, his election was a certainty months before the voting. The market situation was ripe for an advance in any case; but there are people, even now, who will honestly say that they bought in 1908 because of the election returns.

It is only when illusions of this sort have a larger scope that they may become really dangerous. There are times when, by force of mutual suggestion, a whole financial community accepts as its basis of action facts which are incorrect and reasoning which is preposterous. In the case of the great financial manias of history—the South Sea Bubble, the Dutch tulip speculation, and the Mississippi craze are instances in point —the record is absolutely explicit that the illusion was not limited to the simple man in the street, but worked equally upon powerful capitalists and great banking houses. Perhaps the most conspicuous modern instance was the illusion which possessed the Wall Street community in April, 1901, taking the shape of an absolute belief that the law and precedent of political economy had been superseded by new forces in American finance and industry. No one who did not happen to visit Wall Street at that time can have any proper conception of the readiness which serious financiers turned upside down the reasoning processes of their whole preceding life.

In a very much less degree, the curious "Sunshine movement" of 1908, when conventions were held and lodges organized to preach the doctrine that if we thought ourselves prosperous we would be prosperous, was another case in point. It is rather early, as yet, to classify 1909; yet it is difficult not to believe that the "Steel speculation," at its climax, was an illusion of this sort. The argument, in its extreme form, was based on premises which all of the company's previous experience contradicted, and on assumption of facts and figures which last year's own official statements of the company repeatedly discredited. Yet there were bankers who talked of "200 for Steel common," of 6 per cent. dividends, and of bond issues to fund all back expenditures for improvements. In that case, as in other similar, there is a possibility that some of the victims of the illusion began by trying to convince other people that such things were true, and ended by convincing themselves.

One sometimes wonders whether there is not considerable illusion about the matter of "holding companies." The holding company device, in its present form, is a little more than ten years old. Very few of such companies appear to have exerted the influence, predicted in the early days of "Trusts," towards introducing such sweeping economies as should lower cost of production while improving the quality of goods; in some of them, exactly the opposite result may be shown to have been achieved. As an institution, the holding company may have increased the stability of trade, or it may not. Some holding companies have accomplished this—the Steel Corporation seems to have done so. Others, however, like the Amalgamated Copper, have been engines of overproduction and demoralization. The forced dissolution of the Northern Securities holding company, in 1904, was dreaded as a calamity—this, in spite of the fact that nine-tenths of our prosperous railways had nothing to do with holding companies. Yet it was Mr. Hill himself, once president of that holding company, who calmly asked, a couple of weeks ago, "What is the difference whether the owners have one green certificate to represent their interest, or two red ones?"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abram, A. Social England in the Fifteenth Century: a Study of the Effects of Economic Conditions. Dutton. $1 net.

Aristophanes. The Acharnians. Greek text revised, with a translation into corresponding metres, etc., by B. B. Rogers. Macmillan. $3.25 net.

Aristotle. Works. Translated into English under the editorship of J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross. Frowde.

Beerbohm, Max. Yet Again. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Bosher, K. L. Mary Cary. Harper. $1 net.

Bourne, G. C. Herbert Spencer and Animal Evolution. Frowde.

Boyce, R. W. Mosquito or Man: The Conquest of the Tropical World. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Bradley-Birt, F. B. Through Persia, from the Gulf to the Caspian. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Brigham, W. T. The Volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa. Vol. II, No. 4, Memoirs of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum. Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press.

Bunston, A. Mingled Wine. Longmans, Green.

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Carmichael, M. Francia's Masterpiece: an Essay on the Beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in Art. Dutton. $2 net.
Chance, W. Poor Law Reform. London: P. S. King & Son.
Chouville, L. Histoires Courtes et Longues. Frowde. 60 cents.
Common-School Catalogue, 1910. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Crane, R. T. The Utility of All Kinds of Higher Schooling. Chicago: Privately printed.
Cullen, A. Adventures in Socialism. Macmillan. $2 net.
Dargan, E. P. Hylas and Other Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Dartmouth College Catalogue, 1909-10. Hanover, N. H.
Davenport, C. B. Eugenics. Holt. 50 cents net.
Day, R. E. New Poems. Grafton Press.
Dix, B. M. Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes. Holt. $1.35 net.
Duff, N. Matilda of Tuscany. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Everett-Green, M. A. Elizabeth, Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Friedländer, L. Roman Life and Manners. Translated by J. H. Freese. Vol. 111. Dutton.
Great English Short-Story Writers. With introduction, essays, and notes by W. D. and C. W. Dawson. 2 vols. Harper. $1 net each.
Hardy, T. The Return of the Native. Thin paper edition. Harper. $1.25.
Harper's Handy-Book for Girls. Edited by A. P. Paret. Harper. $1.75.
Hein, G. Auswahl Deutscher Prosa der Gegenwart. Frowde. 90 cents.
Helm, W. H. Jane Austen and Her Country-House Comedy. Lane Co. $3.50 net.
Henderson, J. Darl. The Oak Amongst the Pines. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Hillern, W. von. Höher als die Kirche. New edition, with intro., vocabulary, etc., by F. W. J. Heuser. Merrill Co. 50 cents.
Hooker, E. R. Study Book in English Literature: From Chaucer to the Close of the Romantic Period. Heath. $1.
Hoyle's Games Modernized. Edited by Professor Hoffman. Revised edition. Dutton. 75 cents.
In After Days: Thoughts on the Future Life. By W. D. Howells, Henry James, and others. Harper. $1.25 net.
Jerningham, C. E. The Maxims of Marmaduke. Brentano.
Jordan, L. H. Comparative Religion; a Survey of its Recent Literature. Second section, 1906-1909. Edinburgh: Otto Schulzé & Co.
Keatinge, M. W. Studies in the Teaching of History. Macmillan, $1.60 net.
Kellogg, J. L. Shell-Fish Industries. Holt. $1.75 net.
King, H. C. The Ethics of Jesus. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Lasar, C. A. Practical Hints for Art Students. Duffield. $1 net.
Master-singers of Japan: Being verse translations from the Japanese poets by C. A. Walsh. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Montgomery, D. H. The Leading Facts of American History. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Müller, M. Comparative Mythology: an Essay. Edited, with notes, by A. S. Palmer. Dutton. 50 cents.
Murphy, T. D. In Unfamiliar England. Boston: Page & Co.
Norton, E. Q. The Construction, Tuning, and Care of the Piano-Forte. Boston: Ditson Co.
Osler, W. Address on the Nation and the Tropics, together with report of proceedings in connection with the opening of the winter session of the London School of Tropical Medicine, October, 1909. Frowde.
Palmer, F. Central America. Moffat, Yard. $2.50 net.
Paxson, F. L. The Last American Frontier. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Perrin, A. The Stronger Claim. Duffield. $1.50.
Pope's Essay on Criticism. Edited, with intro. and notes, by J. Sargeaunt. Frowde. 50 cents.
Pulitzer, R. New York Society on Parade. Harper. $1.20 net.
Savage, G. H. The Harveian Oration on Experimental Psychology and Hypnotism: Delivered before the Royal College of Physicians of London, October, 1909. Frowde.
Sorley, W. R. The Interpretation of Evolution. From proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. IV. Frowde.
Stephenson, H. T. The Eliabethan People. Holt. $2 net.
Sumner, E. A. Abraham Lincoln. Tandy-Thomas Co. 25 cents.
Temple Dictionary of the Bible. Written and edited by W. Ewing and J. E. H. Thomson. Dutton. $4 net.
Thackeray's History of Henry Esmond. Edited, with intro. and notes, by T. C. and W. Snow. Frowde.
The Fourth Dimension Simply Explained: a Collection of Essays. Intro. and editorial notes by H. P. Manning. Munn & Co. $1.50 net.
Thompson, J. M. The Synoptic Gospels, Arranged in Parallel Columns. Frowde.
Turrill, S. M. Elementary Course in Perspective. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.
Underwood, H. G. The Religions of Eastern Asia. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Vance, L. J. The Fortune Hunter. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Venable, W. H. Floridian Sonnets. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Villiers, A. Dictionary of Foreign and American Literature. Dutton. 50 cents.
Wallach, I. R. A Second Book in English for Foreigners. Silver, Burdett. 50 cents.
Washington's Birthday: Its History, Observance, etc. Edited by R. H. Schauffler. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Weale, B. L. P. The Human Cobweb. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Wellman, F. L. Day in Court. Macmillan. $2 net.
Who's Who, 1910. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Wicksteed, P. H. The Common Sense of Political Economy. Macmillan.
Yale University Bulletin General Catalogue, 1909-10. New Haven, Conn.
Zielinski, Professor. Our Debt to Antiquity. Translated, with introduction and notes, by H. A. Strong. Dutton. 75 cents net.

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